# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY JULY 24, 1858.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1936. }


## DREAM LAND.

Where sullen rivers weep
Their waves into the deep,
She sleeps a charmed sleep,
  Awake her not
Led by a single star
She came from very far,
To seek where shadows are
  Her pageant lot.

She left the rosy morn,
She left the fields of corn,
For twilight cold and lorn,
  And water springs.
Through sleep as through a veil,
She sees the sky look pale,
And hears the nightingale,
  That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest,
Shed over brow and breast;
Her face is towards the west,
  The purple land.
She cannot see the grain
Ripening on hill and plain;
She cannot see the rain
  Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore
Upon a mossy shore,
Rest, rest, that shall endure,
  Till time shall cease;—
Sleep that no pain shall wake,
Night that no morn shall break,
Till joy shall overtake
  Her perfect peace.

## THE JEW'S CURSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

"So, the Ringwoods have won the case!" I said, as I leaned idly on the fence for a chat with uncle John Harrison.

"Yes; an' accordin' to my mind, it's a righteous judgment," returned the old man, dropping the head of the axe with which he was settling the stakes loosened by winter frosts, and casting a critical glance over the broad fields of the old Russell farm, which swept back, in meadow, wood and upland, as far as the dark Spruce ledge beyond the river.

"Roger Baldwin," he went on, using the simple cognomen by which the old farmers of his native county are wont to designate their Ex-Governor and Senator, "is in the main a just man, ef there is one to be found among the lawyers, but somehow he got on the wrong side of the cart tongue this time!"

"I am glad you think the decision just. It will be quite a windfall to the Ringwoods—good seventy-five acres they say, and the meadows fronting right on the main street."

"That is as folks look at it," said the old man, with a dubious shake of the head. "Loss and gain stick as close together in life as in Daboll's arithmetic, lad, and what looks like a blessin' may turn out suthin' else, afore you've done with it. I like land well enough, but I don't grudge anybody that."

"Yet it's a likely bit, and beautifully wooded and watered."

"That's true—though it's clean run down now. Bein' in the law never made man nor land rich in the long run, I reckon; and little grows now but sorrel and daisies, where they used to cut tons of the best English hay."

"Intelligence and industry will soon remedy that. These young Ringwoods are said to possess both. With a plenty of phosphate and guano to back them, they'll soon put a different face on those meadows.

Uncle John shrugged his shoulders.

"Them boys are smart enough, for that matter, and I can't say that these new-fangled manners don't do well on some siles; I hope I ain't set agin these new ways unreasonably, but there's one crop on that land there that they'll never plough under or run out, if they have all the phosphates in the world, and the team of the prophet Elisha to boot!"

Amused at his oracular manner, I asked, laughing,

"What is that? I see no Canada thistles here."

"No, no!" and a peculiar twinkle of the eyes lighted his hale old face—for Heaven forgive me, I had spoken once or twice in his hearing rather disparagingly of the rocks and stones of my blessed old mother State in comparison with the Mohawk Valley—"them's the special blessin' of your York State lands—we don't grow sech—though they would be easier to run out than the Jew's Curse."

"What sort of a crop is that? Must have come in with guano and the subsoil plough. Something new, Uncle John?"

"No, lad. It's older than most of the graves round the meetin'-house, yonder; and like the tares in the Scriptur', it sticks to this farm here, and will, until Caleb Russell and Simeon the Jew stand face to face at the last great day and render up their accounts. Some people don't believe in such things, but I do!"

"Simeon the Jew and Caleb Russell. What about them? Tell me the story, Uncle John?"

"Not now, it's too long, and talkin' about the curse won't keep Tim Hubbard's old peat of a white faced ox from pushin' over those stakes," and raising the axe, he sent the stake deep into the soft, damp mould.

"But," I persisted, unmindful of this hint, "do you mean to say that there is a curse on his land, and you believe it?"

"Yes—why not? There's many a harder thing to believe, 'specially to them that's seen how things have gone on here for threescore years. When I was a child, I often heard the story talked about, and my grandmother had seen it all writ out in white and black. 'Twas Ned Russell that writ it—old 'Squire Neser's son, that was brought up to larnin' to be a minister. Granny used to be allers tellin' about him, an' he must 'a been a right-down smart chap, for when the war broke out, he 'listed and was shot by the enemy at White Plains. They said—but if there ain't Towner comin' to look at my yearlin's;—you jest stay here, lad, an' keep a sharp eye on that consarned old rebel 'till I come back. 'Twon't be quite so 'greeable as watchin' for the Monroe gals, I spose," he added, with a significant pucker of his sunken mouth, "but I shouldn't wonder ef 'twas safer. Besides, they won't be this way this arternoon—they've got company; so look sharp, and some rainy day I'll tell you the story."

Amused and somewhat annoyed at the readiness with which he had divined the motive of my presence in that place, I promised to rival Argus in fidelity, and selecting for my seat a comfortable corner stone of the fence, within the shadow of a piebald sycamore, I drew from my pocket a volume of Tennyson (intended to delight other ears than mine—I wonder if the old man was clairvoyant enough to divine that too!) and was soon deep in Morte D'Arthur.

But, somehow, the old man's words had taken deep hold of me. They mingled with the grand melancholy music of the poem until I closed the book, and with my eyes upon the distant line of ocean that rimmed the horizon, curved and flashing in the clear sunlight, with the silvery whiteness of the brand Excaliber itself, I recalled what memories my short life had recorded of the proprietors of the doomed old farm-house at my feet. Short as they were they gave me the picture of a happy family, with the sunlight of industry, temperance, health, and prosperity lighting up their path. They were but three, father, mother and son, and I remembered the games of "Tag" and "I spy the Wolf" played in that yard in my childhood, and the kind, motherly hand that healed alike bruises and rents for her darling's playmates, or loaded our greedy hands and dinner-baskets in summer with fragrant flowers. They were all dead now—dead! Well, what of that? Is it not the appointed end of all living? Yes;—let us not slight God's own masked angel, and they said (I heard it in my own distant home) that she, the mother, was "taken from the evil to come." But why was that evil to come? Why should the curse of strong drink stamp itself, even in boyhood, upon that only son, and compel Death to forestall his office and lay him in a drunkard's grave in the first flush of manhood? She had passed on—she did not see the "evil" with eyes of flesh; but what is Death?—these walls of time and sense? Does the "putting on of immortality" blind the eye or deaden the yearnings of that love so mighty and transcendent in the flesh? I know not—only they said she had "been taken from the evil."

Then I recalled the story of the rich yet poor old father, clutching his wealth and turning away from kith and kin from suspicion of their mercenary motives, a prey to each greedy alien hand that could lull his ear, while it filled itself from his goods; a shrivelled, wrinkled misanthropist, suspicious of all, even the Death upon which he so often called; he, too, fell into the grave, and his estate became a prolific source of quarrels and law-suits among the heirs, with their long train of vindictive passions and endless hatred.

Was there any foundation for the old man's belief? Had ambition or passion, or avarice got the better of Esq. Caleb, the Puritanic founder of the family, and culminated in some deep but secret crime whose evil influence had been visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations, and tainted even the soil upon which they drew breath? It might be so; for moral as well as physical infection there is sometimes no remedy but the grave.

Uncle John and the loud tongued cattle-dealer soon broke in upon my cogitations, and not caring to listen to the dissertation on the *bovine* race in general which I knew would come, I left them and made my way towards the house of my relatives, praying for the speedy advent of one of those long rainy days, without which I felt it would be useless to ask for the fulfillment of the old man's promise. But my desire was not made to depend on the falling of the rain. On my arrival at the house I found my Uncle Philemon, who is a bit of an antiquary, contemplating with evident satisfaction a mahogany box, or what proved to be mahogany when cleansed from the dust which encrusted it, long and narrow, with the small drawer at the bottom, and the pointed open portion at the top ornamented with those fluted fan-like forms so common upon old furniture. It was a pipe box, an article of furniture essential to a well furnished house of the olden time, when the use of the fragrant weed was a fashionable luxury or a soothing medicament rather than an evil and craving necessity, and had been given him by one of the young Ringwoods as a relic of the family which had so occupied my thoughts during the afternoon. I at once launched into the subject, but Uncle Phil., while he confessed to having heard "some such stuff" about the family, laughed at my simplicity, and asserted that money and idleness were a worse curse than the anathemas of the whole Ten Tribes. He was rummaging the deep compartments which held the long stemmed pipes as he spoke, and among a handfull of dry fennel and caraway stalks and seeds, which showed the purpose which it had answered in latter years, he drew forth several twists of yellow paper, which had evidently been designed for lighters to ignite the well filled bowl.

"There," said he, flinging them over to me, "mayhap your auld wife's tale is written there. At least I make them over to you. Why, what is the matter, you foolish boy?" he added, hearing my exclamation as I unrolled them.

"Uncle Phil.," I cried eagerly, "there's many a true word spoken in jest—these are parts of Ensign Ned's story that Uncle John spoke of—see, here is the last syllable of his first name, and the whole of the last—only written with the 'peaked u,' as we see it in the old books of that period—R-y-s-s-e-l-l!"

"Why, bless my soul, so 'tis!" he cried, peering at the paper through his glasses—"at least it is his name, and something about old Caleb. Make out what you can of them, lad, but don't get the notion into your foolish head that because your great-grandfather was guilty of an error or crime even, it is any excuse for your dying a miser or a drunkard."

"But, uncle, there seems to be a fine impalpable chain—"

"Get out with your chains, sir! and don't say a thing *seems*, but prove that it *is*."

There was no use in arguing with Uncle Phil., so gathering up my precious rolls, I carried them to my room, and literally obeyed my uncle in trying to make the best of them. Of course I had but fragments, but the missing portions I have attempted to supply, and the result is below.

### "THE JEW'S CURSE."

It was near the close of the sitting of the General Court of the Colony of New Haven, October 1646, that the settlers of that place, and their worshipful magistrates were scandalized by an unusual commotion, in their midst. There was an arrest—not that arrests were uncommon even amid that godly society, as their ancient records witness—but this time the culprit was suspected of neither slander or theft, or disrespect to superiors, but of the far more heinous crime of belonging to that "peculiar people" whose Theocracy they reverently took as the basis of their government, and sought to reestablish in the wilderness, but whose descendants as individuals they hated and despised; he was a descendant of Abraham, and the scorn and hatred of the crowd of men, women and children gathered about the constable and his prisoner, burst forth in muttered execrations of—"The hang dog cur! The vile heathen, away with him to prison!"

"Yes; away with him, good master constable! Let us not tempt the vengeance of Heaven by the harboring of heathen unbelievers!" cried some voice above the rest, and there was a corresponding sway of the crowd forward as if they would take the duty of the officer of the law upon themselves, while the constable pressed back his cowering charge against the slight paling that divided the street from the adjacent field, and called upon them with a loud voice to "respect the majesty of the law!"

The words were ever a potent adjuration in Connecticut, and there was a retreating pulsation and murmurs of—

"The law—yes;—the Court—justice shall have its course!" &c., which were suddenly silenced by a voice from the outskirts of the ring, crying—

"What do ye here, friends?" Why this unseemly and riotous gathering in the open street?"

All heads were turned at the sound of that quick, commanding tone, and there was an universal doffing of hats, and dropping of courtesies, with a respectful—

"Make way for the worshipful Master Disboro' and his friend. Make way!"

There was an effort to obey and permit the two gentlemen to pass, but, with a gesture of command, he whom they had designated as Disboro' arrested the movement, as he said with a certain haughty sternness—

"No haste, good townsmen. Ye have not answered my query. Why this scandalous gathering in the street to the disgrace of the town, and the annoyance of all pious and peaceably disposed travellers?"

"The Jew! the Jew! Master Disboro'!" cried the crowd, speedily finding tongue, a thing they seldom failed to do even in presence of their highest magistrates—and falling back so as to display the constable and his charge. "We are haling him to prison!"

"Rather hindering the officer in discharge of his duty, I should judge. With what crime or misdemeanor does the man stand charged?"

"He's a Jew, your worship!—an unbelieving hound; he don't deny it!" cried one. "A sorcerer—guilty of all manner of forbidden and devilish practices!" screamed a second. "An' dried up John Hunt's black heifer, an' brought little Jacob Mix to death's door of a colic with his black spells!" put in another—a broad shouldered, ruddy cheeked matron. "True for ye, Matty Bishop!" cried a wrinkled old grandame by her side, "and what is still worse, he binds devices of his master, the Devil, on his forehead. When he prays, I see him with my own eyes! Shall we suffer this abomination in our goodly heritage? Shall we pollute our own souls by sufferin' this idolater in the camp!"

There was a slight and rather sarcastic movement of the muscles about the thin, close lips of Mr. Disboro's companion, which vanished at once as the constable gave voice to the ostensible charge.

"The prisoner is charged with taking up his abode among the savages, and leading there a profane course of life, contrary to the laws of this colony, made and provided, and in contempt thereof, to the inciting of other evil disposed persons to the same, therefore—"

"He must suffer the penalty for such crime," began Master Disboro', interrupting the puritan Dogberry—"three years imprisonment, and such fine or corporeal punishment as the judge deemeth meet in such cases. A punishment none too severe if he be guilty!"

"It is false, your honor!" cried the Jew, suddenly raising himself erect and turning his deep wily eyes upon the magistrate. "I was in bondage to the heathen savages—a prisoner under compulsion, I tarried among them! When the waves of the great deep swallowed up the Good Hope bound from the Monhadoes to the Dutch trading house, on the great river, and washed me upon your shores, the heathen of the land fell upon me, and I became their bond slave, even like unto our father Joseph in Egypt, until it pleased the God of Jacob to redeem me out of their hands!"

"He blasphemeth! he profaneth the name of the Most-High! Hanging is too good for him!" growled the crowd, while one or two of the more zealous pressed forward menacingly.

But now there was no shrinking on the part of the prisoner—he had caught sight of the face of Mr. Disboro's companion, and an instantaneous change came over the whole man. Suddenly flinging off the grasp of the officer, and pointing toward that person, he said firmly, but with a tinge of scornful irony:—

"There stands one in your midst, who can vouch for me, if there be such a thing as justice or gratitude among ye Christians! Speak thou, Caleb Russell! Hast thou not held silence long enough!"

A momentary gleam of surprise had lightened across the dark features of the person thus addressed, as their eyes met, but it went quickly as it came, and he met the inquiring gaze of the crowd and Mr. Disboro's—"How? Know ye this man?" with the same grave, impenetrable face.

Advancing a pace or two, he confronted the prisoner silently a moment, before he replied—

"Aye, I do know him. It is the Jew money-lender in Cheapside. Simeon Levin, what doest thou here?"

"I taste of the mercy which these, thy brethren, show to the stranger within their gates," returned the Jew, with an ill-suppressed sneer. "But hast thou nothing else to say, Christian? Did questions avail to give thee shelter, or save thee when the pursuer was at thy heels, and the faces of friends and kindred turned away?"

"No; by my faith not!" exclaimed Mr. Russell, the red blood suddenly flushing up his swarthy cheek. "Jew or Gentile, thy deed was a Christian one, and as such it shall be acknowledged. Good friends, one and all, this man once showed me favor in the hour of mine extremity!"

"The Jew! the sorcerer!" murmured the crowd.

"Yes—Jew though he be, when the minions of the Papists were upon me, and I, with many others had, like our blessed Master, no place to lay my head, this man opened his door to me; he gave me food and shelter, and finally aided me to escape!"

"For a consideration, doubtless!" said a grim-faced member of the crowd.

"True, he is a Jew, and changeth not his nature, any more than the Ethiopian his skin, and I found means to indemnify him from the remnants of mine estate. But this is no reason why a friendly action in one of an accursed race should go unrecognized and unrewarded. There was no question of gold between us when he took me in, and God forbid that we, His chosen people, should be outdone in mercy or justice by an unbeliever. As to sorcery—he hath none, unless his skill in leechcraft be taken as such, for it is not small, as I can testify, good friends. Leave him to me, and I will be surety for him to the amount of my means!"

"The Gentile is just!" muttered the Jew, with a quiet smile. "My judgment did not fail me!" while Mr. Disboro' reminded his friend that the prisoner stood charged with a grave crime against the safety of the settlement, and could be released only upon proof of his innocence before the court; a speech that received the loudly murmured approbation of the crowd.

"Then I will bestir myself to see that justice is done thee, Simeon. If it dost appear that thou art guiltless of the charge against thee, thou shalt have all due help and aid from me. But if thou art verily guilty—no past favors can be permitted to stay the arm of justice that guards the safety of this infant settlement, though I, even I, thy debtor, were bound to pronounce sentence myself! In the meantime, good master constable, let no unwonted hardship fall to his share!"

Both officer and prisoner bowed lowly and moved on with their diminished cortege, for, under the stern eye of Mr. Disboro', most of the feminine portion had fallen off toward their homes, while the two stately, dark-robed puritans passed on toward the court-room, speaking earnestly by the way.

Mr. Russell's interference in behalf of the Jew was the occasion of no little gossip among the worthy settlers, and even his high standing and stern devotion to the principles for which they suffered could not shield him from their blunt, free spoken tongues, particularly when it was known that he had not only succeeded in mitigating his sentence so far as the whipping was concerned, but had actually had one interview with the culprit in prison.

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The last day of the year 1646 was wild and stormy, but the high winds that roared through the forests and wailed amid the gorges of the Tetoket hills, were as music to the ears of the stout-hearted settlers of that region, for they were from the south-west, and heralded the much desired "January thaw," which should unlock their ice-bound harbor at Quinnipiac, and set free their new ship now lying there, on her voyage to the dear old mother land, towards which their hearts still so fondly yearned.

Though built by the wealth of the chief gentlemen of the colony, the humblest settler among them possessed a deep and vital interest in that ship. She was at once an evidence of their prosperity under fearful trials, and a prophecy of their future commercial success; her every beam and plank and nail had been consecrated by their prayers, and now, as she lay there, complete and ready for sea in their beautiful bay, imperfect as was her mould, so "crank and waity," as her master, Lumberton, expressed it, "he feared that she would sink;" to their unseamanlike eyes, she was perfect as the ark of old, and if she, with her precious freight and the still more precious souls ready to take passage in her, were to go to the bottom of the sea, it would be by the pre-ordained decree of a righteous God, rather than any fault of the builders.

She would sail as soon as the softened ice would permit them to cut a passage for her to the open waters of the sound, and the families even in the outlying settlements were busy preparing letters or other mementos for their friends in England.

On this New Year's Eve the family of Caleb Russell, of Tetoket, were thus pleasantly occupied. On a low chair, before the blazing fire, whose brightness quite eclipsed the solitary candle upon the small stand to the right, sat a fair, smooth-cheeked matron—the mother of the household and kneeling by her side, with her face concealed by the tumbling masses of rich brown hair, as she bent over a square, iron-bound bunk or box, was a lighter, lither figure—the young daughter of the house—whose agile fingers deftly folded and packed away in the smallest possible compass, the various articles the mother handed to her care, while she put back with a smile or smothered caress the two fat, mischievous hands of her little brother Samuel, who, with the instinctive tendencies of his sex, seemed bent upon introducing confusion where order reigned; or talked with her elder brother John, a lad of fourteen or so, about the beautiful otter skins, the evidence of his success as a trapper, the soft fur of which he was smoothing and re-smoothing, that they might greet the eyes of his cousins in England, in their most perfect condition. The movements of the children seemed to partake of the quiet tone of the mother, and the conversation seldom rose above a low, murmured undertone, or if in the eagerness of anticipation they did for a second forget, a glance from her eye to where the head of the family sat, by the before-mentioned table, engaged in writing, was sufficient to remind them of their fault.

The storm without, the surging of the forest, which stretched, a deep, dark mystery, for miles and miles away behind their small clearing—the moaning of the wind, the muffled crunch of the ice from the various ponds in the vicinity, as it jammed in the narrow outlets; the ceaseless, smothered roar of the surf, as it beat on the distant sea beach, only helped to deepen the quiet of that room.

Perhaps the inmates felt the influence from without, for their voices gradually sunk to a whisper; the mother's hand softly closed the heavy lid of the box, and they gathered around the fire in silence, little Samuel's nodding head finding rest on his sister Rachel's knee, while his hand still grasped the string of pretty bird's egg shells, which she had told him were too fragile to trust to the chances of a sea voyage.

Presently, though the hour-glass on the shelf had not yet marked the ninth hour since high noon, a man servant entered the kitchen, with a billet of well seasoned wood, which he carefully arranged on the fire with an eye to a bed of glowing coals in the morning. It was the usual signal that the secular labors of the day were closed, and the hour of rest come. The man drew back a pace or two, and the master of the household, laying aside his pen and paper, reverently opened the great Bible upon the stand beside him, and read a portion of the Holy Writ; then rising, and standing upright, with hands clasped above the high back of his chair, he offered the customary nightly petition.

This done, the mother quietly withdrew to see her children to their rest, but the servant man, contrary to his usual custom, still lingered behind. Mr. Russell observed him as he again took up his pen, and asked—

"Is there anything wanting, Thomas?"

The man advanced within a yard of his master's side ere he answered, and then, with a furtive glance at the door through which his mistress and the children had disappeared, said, cautiously,

"I fear the heathen savages are lurking about here, to-night, sir."

"Fear! Why so?"

"Because, when I went out to look after the cattle a quarter of an hour ago, I caught a glimpse of a man by the stump of the big oak beyond the well, which, as I shut the hovel door, disappeared round the corner of the ell."

"Did you watch it farther?" asked the master, his dark features betraying the interest he felt in the discovery, though his tone was unmoved.

"Heaven forbid!" said the man, hastily. "There might be a hundred of the fiends, and I hurried in as fast as my legs would carry me; but I did not come and speak out at once, because of mistress and the children."

"It cannot be, Thomas. We are at peace with the red heathen; only yesterday we had a friendly talk with the Sachem and his chiefs. Your fears deceived you. 'Twas a passing shadow from the wood or, at the worst, some prowling wild beast of the forest."

"It was certainly a two-legged one then, sir, and the cunning red skin seemed to wear a long black cloak like yours—some one he has no doubt stolen to play his devilish pranks in."

"Beware of profane speaking, Thomas," returned the master, sternly. "Let me have no occasion to note this fault in thee again. Then," he added, with a look of relief, "your words convince me of your self-deception. The savage would disdain to wear a cloak if he had one—especially on an hostile expedition. You may go!"

He took up his pen, and the man retired, muttering as he closed the door—

"A wild beast! It was either a red Indian or a ghost—an' ghosts are never black as I've heard on. But master don't fear the face of Satan, I do think!"

Apparently he did not, for he sat writing busily for some time after his wife rejoined him by the fireside, and had made her preparations for retiring by ranging the boys' shoes with mathematical precision in the corner, and arranging their stout stockings upon the line above the wide fire-place. Her checked linen apron was being folded with the same nice regard to order, when her husband suddenly paused in the word he was writing, and lifting his head, said, though the room was already as still as still could be—

"Whist, mother, whist!"

They both listened with bent heads and hushed breath, until the sound of footsteps in the half-frozen snow became distinctly audible. The mother's cheek grew pale, as, without moving, she turned her anxious, inquiring gaze upon her husband.

"No, it is not them!" he said, at once comprehending her fears. "Hark—the steps come directly on towards the door,—they are light, but not stealthy, like a savage's. It is some neighbor or friend in distress."

Even as he spoke the steps paused at the front door, and after a second's silence, there came a light rap upon the heavy oaken planks.

Mr. Russell took up the light, and was proceeding to the front entrance, when his wife laid her hand on his arm—

"Let me go too, Caleb!" she said imploringly.

"Nay, Esther," he said, quietly, "there is no danger, I apprehend. Remain here, where thy presence may be of more avail in case your woman's presentiment proves to have out run my judgment."

She removed her hand, but only to step to the fire-place and grasp the silver mounted gun that rested on brackets above the mantle, while her husband, with a grim smile of approval, made his way to the door. The wife heard the withdrawal of the heavy bar, and the sound of a friendly if strange voice greeting him; still her hand did not leave the weapon, but rather grasped it closer when he entered, ushering in a small, dark man, whose deep set, glittering eyes, shaggy eyebrows, disheveled hair, and drenched garments, gave him a wild, uncanny appearance. (CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

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YANKEE DOODLE.—The following letter has been received by a gentleman of this city from our accomplished Secretary of Legation at Madrid:—

MADRID, June 8, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR: The tune Yankee Doodle, from the first of my showing it here, has been acknowledged by persons acquainted with music to bear a strong resemblance to the popular airs of Biscay; and yesterday a professor from the north recognized it as being much like the ancient sword dance played on solemn occasions by the people of San Sebastian. He says the tune varies in those provinces, and proposes in a couple of months to give me the changes as they are to be found in their different towns, that the matter may be judged of and fairly understood. Our national air certainly has its origin in the music of the free Pyrenees; the first strains are identically those of the heroic *Danza Esparta*, as it was played to me, of brave old Biscay.

Very truly, yours, BUCKINGHAM SMITH.

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IRREVERENCE TOWARDS THE DEAD.—More flagrantly loathsome is the circumstance recorded of a Mr. Thompson, of Worcester, who baited his angling-hook with part of the corrupted form of King John, and carried the fish he caught in vulgar and brutal triumph through the streets. The moment this enormity reached the ears of the Dean and Chapter, they took measures to have the tomb reclosed, which had been opened in repairing the Cathedral in 1797. But ere this care was taken, a person had stolen a finger-bone, and sent it up to London to be tipped with silver, having refused a large sum for it. It is some pleasure to read that it was dropped on the road lost.—*Mrs. Stone's "God's Acre."*

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☞ We go to the grave of a friend, saying: "A man is dead;" but angels throng about him, saying, "A man is born."—*Beecher.*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

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### FAITH AND WORKS.

One of our subscribers writes us as follows:—

DEAR MR. PETERSON:—Your criticism on the Theology of the Author of "A Poor Fellow," it is to be feared, will not be sustained by the Sacred Writings, from which only a true theology can be derived. The instance of the young man who had kept all the commandments could not have occurred to you; nor of those whom Christ said should in the last day claim an entrance into Heaven for their works, but of whom He would say that He never knew them. Paul intimated as much, and more than the author referred to, even to giving all his goods to feed the poor, and his body to be burned, and yet be lost. The fact is, it is not even by works of righteousness we are saved, and without faith it is impossible to please God. This is what that author meant by the extract you quote, and there is no necessity to discriminate between his morality and his theology, for the latter all theologians of the orthodox faith will certainly sustain. All things referred to in the extract might be done without Faith, and if the doing of them would save the soul, then Christ's work of redemption was vain, and the world could have redeemed itself. Yours, truly, T. M. M.

We have no intention of entering upon a theological controversy—which would be quite foreign to the character of THE POST—in penning a few comments upon the above. Our correspondent, we think, misunderstands us. We admit that the ground taken by the author of "The Poor Fellow" in the quotation made by us, was strictly orthodox—but the ground taken by us was strictly orthodox also, and, as we consider it, a wider and more easily defended view of the subject. Our author had said:—

"A man may spend a lifetime in relieving the poor, healing the sick, encouraging the timid, raising the fallen, helping the helpless, defending the weak; may be scrupulously honest, and if he have defrauded any, make restitution four fold; may carefully abstain from all manner of falsehood and deception; may be generous in thought to the last degree, and of his means to the last fraction, and yet—BE LOST!"

And we said that we preferred to believe that such cases were not *possible*. We meant, to amplify our idea, that it is impossible for a man who does not possess the true spirit of a Christian, to display in his life all the graces and virtues of the Christian character. We admit that a man may do many so-called benevolent actions, and yet not be a Christian. He may give largely to benevolent societies, for instance, from the most contemptible of worldly motives—to be well-spoken of by his fellowmen, or from mere pride in the extent of his means, or from a desire to pave the way to political or other preferment. But, as we think, he cannot manifest in his whole course of life, the genuine virtues of the Christian character, without being a Christian. He may endeavor to do so—but his endeavor will be a failure.—He may succeed apparently in some few directions—but the fact that he is not sound at the core will be continually evident. Many Christians find it sufficiently difficult to overcome "the world, the flesh and the devil," even with all the assistance that their religion gives them. And can we admit that men destitute of true faith are able to tread nearly a perfect path without that assistance and counsel which cometh only from above? We think, judging not only from reason and revelation, but from experience also, that such instances are impossible.

The instances to which our correspondent alludes, do not seem to us to militate against this view in the least. Of the young man who had kept all the commandments, we are told: "Then Jesus beholding him *loved* him." Moreover, the first answer was, "If thou wilt enter into life, *keep the commandments*." And the young man answered "All these things have I kept. What lack I yet?" We do not infer therefore, that he was "lost." If he would be *perfect*, however, he was "to *sell all he had*, and *give to the poor*, and follow" the Saviour. "And he turned away sorrowful"—not because he was averse to following the Master, as we infer, but—"because he had large possessions," and did not like the idea of parting with them. How large a proportion of the wealthy members of our churches could stand the same test? One in ten? Perhaps. And yet it is not fair to presume that they would be "lost," if they did not—only that as they had shunned a great cross, they had missed a brilliant crown.

As to the next case, the account says that many, at the last day, will cry "Lord, Lord," &c., and say, "have we not cast out devils in Thy name, and in Thy name done many wonderful works," and He will answer, "I know ye not. Depart from me, *ye that work iniquity*." Here the "works of iniquity" are referred to as proofs that notwithstanding "the casting out of devils," &c., and their high professions, the claimants were not really true followers of the Lord.

As to what Paul says of Charity, or Love—as perhaps it should be translated—it goes to show that without Charity, the highest spiritual gifts and the best works are nothing. He says—"Though I speak with tongues (of men and angels)—though I have the *gift of prophecy*, and understand all mysteries—and though I have *all faith*, *so that I could remove mountains*—and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor—and give my body to be burned—and have not Charity—it is nothing." Again, "Now abideth *Faith, Hope, Charity*, these three; but the greatest of these is *Charity*." Then he goes on to describe Charity in language which will occur to all—"Charity suffereth long and is kind; Charity envieth not: Charity vaunteth not itself," &c., &c. Now, the ground we hold is simply that a man cannot possess all these heavenly virtues described as flowing from the possession of Charity or Love, except by possessing said Charity or Love. And that any supposition as to the probable fate of one who has all these virtues, and yet has not Charity, is absurd in itself—because whatever semblance of these virtues a man may put on, we cannot admit the possibility of his possessing them in reality, unless he possesses the spirit from which alone they are derived. To say otherwise, it seems to us, would be to imitate the conduct of the Pharisees, who admitted that the Saviour healed the sick, cast out devils, and did many other wonderful works, and yet contended that He derived His power from, and acted as an emissary of Satan. But He said unto them, in this connection:—"Either make the tree good, and his fruit good; or else make the tree corrupt, and his fruit corrupt; for the tree is known by his fruit. A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things: and an evil man, out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth evil things."

We also call to mind what the beloved apostle John said in his old and venerated age: "Little children, be not deceived. He that doeth righteousness is righteous even as he is righteous." And we need not, believing this, believe in the least that men can be saved by works of righteousness. As our correspondent truly says, "Without Faith it is impossible to please God." But where there is a true and living Faith, it will necessarily manifest itself in the life and conduct. Therefore, whatever high profession a man may make, and however much he may cry "Lord, Lord," if he "work iniquity," it would seem a proof that his Faith is a mere profession, and not a living and vital principle. For as another scripture says, "Show me thy Faith without thy works, and I will show thee my Faith *by* my works."

In this view therefore, there is no conflict between Faith and Works. Faith is the great essential, and a man's Works are the only test we can have of his Faith. Of necessity, in judging of what a man is, we must take either his profession or his practice. Now, it has grown into a proverb that "actions speak louder than words." Therefore we judge the tree by its fruit—and call in question the *possibility* even that really good fruits can be found growing on a bad tree.

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A COMMUNICATION missent to Councils was read. It complains that the teachers of the Locust Street School, both grammar and primary, have been constantly giving holidays upon the most frivolous pretences, and at the same time severely taxing the powers of the children by compressing the day's exercises into a single session. This, the petitioners aver, is prejudicial to the health of the children, in holding only a single session per day, instead of allowing the usual interval at noon. Referred to Committee.

We know nothing of the merits of the particular case referred to above—but we do know that if more holidays, as a general thing, were given in our public schools—if less time was devoted to the studies of the pupils, and more to their physical improvement, it would be a great gain all around. Too much study either breaks down the mind, or enfeebles the body, and it often does both. While plenty of outdoor exercise and enjoyment not only strengthens the physical powers, but the intellectual also. We believe that nothing is gained, even so far as intellectual improvement is concerned, by this perpetual confinement in school, and study afterwards at home. While the native vigor of the mind is sapped by the consequent enfeebling of the body, and

"Thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought."

And so, in the great battle of life, the city school-bred youth is perpetually distanced by some country lad who has not spent one-tenth the time at study, but who, in force of character, and originality and grasp of mind, is tenfold more a man.

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THE LEVIATHAN.—We are amused to hear that the name of the Leviathan has been changed again to the original appellation, the Great Eastern. This looks as if the directors thought that the name really had something to do with the bad luck of the ship. The scheme for raising over a million of dollars to complete her has failed, and some other plan will have to be devised. The Great Eastern projectors and builders truly have a hard time of it, but the vast size and expense of the ship are quite enough to account for their many troubles. And, to crown all, it is very doubtful whether she will ever remunerate her owners. We are afraid that she will be another "Pennsylvania"—which, after being the glory of the Government at the Navy Yard in this city for many years while building, proved to be too unwieldy when afloat to make any use of. We believe she is now a permanency at Norfolk—very roomy, and very good for nothing.

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LORD JOHN RUSSELL recently, at a public school, after recommending the study of grammar, advised them to read Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, as a model of clearness and simplicity of style.

Probably the most difficult thing is to convince young writers that "clearness and simplicity" are at all desirable qualities. It is a knowledge that generally comes with the maturity of the mind.

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☞ THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN is one of the best of our agricultural exchanges. *See advertisement.*

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BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 368—Adults 196, and children 172.

### PEACE IN UTAH.

Letters to the War Department from the Peace Commissioners, state that the difficulties with the Mormons are at last settled. They write:—

We are informed by the people and chief men of the territory, that they will cheerfully yield obedience to the Constitution and Laws of the United States. They cheerfully consent that the civil officers of the Territory shall enter upon the discharge of their respective duties. They will make no resistance to the army of the United States in its march to the valley of Salt Lake or elsewhere. We have their assurance that no resistance will be made to the officers, civil or military, of the United States, in the exercise of their various functions in the Territory of Utah.

The people have abandoned all the settlements north of this, and all the families have left the city, only about fifteen hundred (?) persons remaining here to take charge of the property, and to learn if if the difficulties had not been settled. The people from this city and north of it have gone south to Provo, fifty miles south of this, and to points beyond. We will visit Provo and the settlements south in a day or two, and see and confer with the people, and inform them that the difficulties have been settled, and thus induce them to return to their homes.

We have written General Johnston by the messenger that will bear this, informing him of what had been done, and that he could march his army to the valley whenever he desired to do so. We intend to remain and visit the people and converse with them until Gen. Johnston's army arrives. We think it important that we remain until the army is located in the valley.

At the recommendation of the Commissioners, who said that some fears were still entertained by the Mormons in relation to the army, Gen. Johnston had published a proclamation assuring "those citizens of the Territory who apprehended from the army ill treatment, that no person whatever would be in anywise interfered with or molested in his person or rights, or in the peaceful pursuit of his avocation; and should protection be needed, that they would find the army always faithful to the obligations of duty, as ready now to assist and protect them as it was to oppose them while it was believed they were resisting the laws of their Government."

We see nothing in the official letters, calculated to sustain the telegraphic announcement from St. Louis, that the Peace Commissioners had agreed that "all the houses in the city should be closed against both civil officers and strangers, excepting the Governor and his family; and that everybody else would be obliged to sleep in wagons or on the ground." If they have made any such arrangement, it is a very curious one. Of course neither the officers of the Territory, nor strangers, could expect to enter the houses of the inhabitants against their will—but, if any of the inhabitants chose to entertain them, "for a consideration," it would be absurd and tyrannical to say that they should not be allowed to do so. We take it for granted, however, that no such agreement was entered into—because neither party had power to enforce its terms.

Now that the Mormons, in view of the opening of a Spring campaign, have come to their senses a little, we trust that affairs will be managed somewhat better than they have been heretofore. "The snake is scotched, not killed"—by any manner of means. A military force, large enough to look down all opposition, should be kept permanently in Utah, until the Mormon portion of the population is largely outnumbered by the "gentiles." The "rod" of Brigham Young and his priesthood, so far as it is attempted to be used in civil matters, should be effectually broken. If the laws already in force are not sufficient, Congressional intervention should be sought—either through Senator Douglas's plan of revoking the territorial organization, or some other—and Polygamy effectually repressed, either by due course of law, or by the exodus of those having more than one wife from the territory, with all the "wives" that *choose* to go with them. We cannot pretend to make the Mormons give up their Polygamy, we can only say that they shall not introduce and legalize such an institution upon American soil. But doubtless all these considerations have occurred to the Administration, who will hardly allow a matter to drop from their hands half completed, which they have carried through so far with success. To do so, would simply be purchasing a little hollow peace now, at the cost of leaving a serious root of bitterness to succeeding administrations. A great expense has been gone to by the country in sending an army to Utah—let not the work have to be done over again, in some five or ten years.

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PAPER MAKING.—The following is from a late number of *The London Mining Journal*:

A new paper has been made with prepared albumen from the residue of the beet-root after distillation and the manufacture of sugar, which has been patented by the inventor, Dr. Collyer. The great peculiarity of this paper is, that it can be printed on without "wetting." The impressions which we have seen worked off by a steam-press of one of the most extensively circulated periodicals, exhibit a sharpness and clearness of outline which was equal to the impressions that were being taken on the damped paper.

The above beet-root paper is said to be two cents cheaper than the old kind, which is a great consideration to publishers. Our manufacturers in this country have been talking a great deal about finding some new material for paper, and straw paper has been made that will *do* for printing on—and that is about all. But, while we have been talking, Johnny Bull seems to have been experimenting to some purpose. We hope that the invention can be made profitable in this country, though as we have no beet-root sugar manufactories we fear it cannot. Our English friends evidently are waking up. They have been distancing us hand over hand in the shipping business lately; and now they have beaten us in paper. Brother Jonathan must stop his bragging, and go to work in earnest again.

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POST OFFICE ROGUERY.—A clerk in the post office of this city, is now "under dealings" for purloining letters containing money.—Among the letters found in his coat pocket, was one for THE POST from Arkansas—money all safe, however. The idea of stealing from newspaper publishers such hard times as these! The fellow should receive the mercy a horse-thief does from a jury of farmers.

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☞ The Gough and Lees controversy in England is still open—Dr. Lees having published a letter, as follows:

"The retraction made by my counsel, on which the nominal verdict was given, was made without any authority from me or my solicitor; on the contrary, I strenuously protested against it, and insisted on the case proceeding, fearless of the issue."

A new trial, probably, will be ordered—though, as it seems that Dr. Lees had no evidence at all to produce on the former one, we cannot see that the result will be different.

### DISTILLING.

MANCHESTER, N. Y., June 30th.

*Mr. Editor of the Post:* Having seen in your paper of June 26th, a request for "a cheap and economical mode of distilling," I will try and furnish it.

Distilling, as your lady correspondent knows, is merely a process of evaporation and condensation; hence every rain and every dew is distilled water, and hence we have only to imitate this process.

The apparatus required is first a Florence flask, (i. e. the bottles that olive oil is sometimes imported in,) or a common bottle will do; a piece of lead pipe small enough to fit into the mouth of the flask, and a small quantity of putty. The pipe, which should be about two feet long, is to be bent about two inches from one end at something more than a right angle.

Then put into the flask whatever you wish to distill, for instance rose leaves, and fit the short end of the pipe into the mouth of the flask, and lute the joint well with the putty, so as to make it air tight. Place the flask in a vessel of boiling water, and the product of the distillation will drop from the end of the pipe.

If a common glass bottle is used, it must be put into cold water and the heat applied, to prevent breakage. It is not *necessary* that the water should boil, except the greater the heat the more rapid the process. It may not be generally known that rose leaves may be preserved from decay for the purpose of distillation by packing them in a stone jar with salt. They should be kept in a dark place, as also should rose water, for light has the power of extracting the odor. O. J. H.

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☞ The recent triumphs of modern mechanical art, of mind over matter, have thrown ancient ingenuity, even of the highest order, sadly into the shade; let us take one instance: "In Egypt I saw Cleopatra's Needle," a young lady returning from her school in England to her home in India wrote lately to her friends, "but I thought very little of it, I assure you, after having seen the sewing machine in London."—*The Life of Percy B. Shelley.*

☞ There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature if not of the soul.—*Ruskin.*

☞ If a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.—*Bacon.*

☞ If you would have an idea of the ocean in a storm, just imagine four thousand hills and four thousand mountains, all drunk, chasing one another over newly-ploughed ground, with lots of caverns in it for them to step into now and then.

☞ Round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and a mixture of falsehood is like alloy in gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it debaseth it.—*Bacon.*

☞ I love clamor when there is an abuse. The alarm-bell disturbs the inhabitants, but saves them being burnt in their beds.—*Burke.*

☞ An old revolutioner says, that of all the solemn hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the widow Bem's, after being told by her daughter Sally that he "needn't come again," was the most solemn.

☞ They have a juvenile prodigy at Boonville. A "wee bit of a boy" astonished his mother a few days since. She had occasion to chastise him slightly for some offence he had committed; Charley sat very quietly in his chair for some time afterward, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus: "Muzzer, I wish pa'd get anuzzer housekeeper, and let you go." "Why, so, my son?" "'Cause, I've got tired seein' you round."

☞ I would inscribe on the curtains of your bed, and the walls of your chamber, if you do not rise early, you can make progress in no thing; if you do not set apart your hours for reading, if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself.—*Lord Chatham.*

☞ It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

☞ It would be well for us to remember, that all which gives a spiritual charm to the daily intercourse of life, all that gives generosity to benevolence, and a soul to love, and heroism to self-sacrifice, all that makes the earnestly religious mind live for the future and the unseen, and triumph over the power of the senses, all that makes the human heart glow with rapture, and thought soar through countless worlds to the throne of the Almighty, is due to imagination:—the purifier, the consoler, the liberator, amid the trammels, the sufferings, and the evil of our actual existence.—*Emily Shirreff's Intellectual Education.*

☞ It may be said that insults offered by the vile ought not to affect noble minds, but this is an idle theory. Brave men heed not so much the insults of some base wretch, as they are disturbed and irritated that they have not power to chastise the reptile as it deserves. The bite of the bug will deprive the strongest of their rest.—*Sir Charles Napier's "Herald."*

☞ Whoever has sixpence is sovereign over all men—to the extent of sixpence: commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him—to the extent of sixpence.—*Carlyle.*

### THE DE RIVIERE SCANDAL.

This case has taken a new turn. Mrs. Blount has capitulated, and agreed to be reconciled to her husband, taken her daughter to New York from this city where she was concealed, and given up the Zouave. Says the N. Y. Tribune:

"Yesterday morning Mrs. Blount remarked to Mr. Huncke that if any proof could be adduced that De Riviere was legally married, she would no longer continue to resent the demands of her husband, but would produce her daughter and return with him to Mobile.

"Mrs. Blount, too, was without money, and as her husband held the purse-strings, and she had no other means of obtaining the munitions of war, it became a serious question whether it would not be better to capitulate. In fact Mr. Huncke's bill was presented on Wednesday. It was formidable in length. Its items were board and room from July 4 to 14, ten days, at $2.25 per day, with wine and the etceteras, which swelled the aggregate amount to $111 14, and she hadn't the money to pay it. She indorsed on it the words, 'Correct—Emily J. Blount,' and gave the same to Mr. Stine, who in his turn presented it to Col. Blount. But even if this disagreeable bill was out of the way, she hadn't the money needed for the future."

Another account says:—"Col. Blount has had an interview with his wife and daughter, and all three of them, I am informed, are now staying at the Napoleon Hotel, Hoboken, where there is to be a sort of party this evening to celebrate the reconciliation. Miss Emily Blount, the heroine of this most ridiculous farce, returned from Philadelphia last evening, in obedience to a telegraph despatch from her mother.

"The understanding among outsiders is that Emily and her mother have concluded to let 'the gallant Zouave' slide; but that determination in no way restrains the determination of Col. Blount to ferret him out, in order to bring him to punishment. The officers who have a warrant for his arrest, are untiring in their pursuit, and think they have now got a clue to his hiding place."

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THE DEATH-CLOCK.—We have recently been informed of a truly wonderful clock, which is said to belong to a family residing in Newport, Kentucky. We relate the peculiarities of this clock as they were related to us, leaving our readers to draw their own conclusions as to the mystery. Our informant is one that can be relied on. The clock is of simple construction, and belongs to the family of Mr. L———r, but all the efforts of the clock-makers have not been able to make it keep time, consequently, it has been permitted to rest in silence. A few hours before the death of Mr. L———'s sister, which took place some time ago, the clock suddenly struck one, after a silence of several months. It then continued silence until another member of the family was prostrate with a fatal malady, when it again struck one, and on the following day the child was buried. A year elapsed, when a second child sickened and died; the clock was punctual in sounding one a few hours previous to his death. A third child, a little boy fifteen months old, was afflicted with scrofula, which baffled the skill of the physician, and on the third day of this month its remains were deposited in the grave. The clock gave the usual warning and struck one. It never failed sounding a death-knell when any one of the family in whose possession it now is were about to die. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

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WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of a London paper says:—

"However capricious and unjust may be the marriage law here as to nuptials contracted abroad, the rights of the woman are on a far different footing than in England. To illustrate this, a case was decided yesterday, when Mme. Noblet, the actress of the Theatre Francais and Odeon, having married in 1842, a Sieur Delamarree, then penniless, in 1857 became the victim of ill treatment. She had a splendid villa at Thernes, rich furnitures, and a stock of 3,000 bottles of primest vintage. The husband having been duly separated this year *a mensa et thoro*, claimed possession of the cellar and the use of the domicile. The Court ruled that he should confine himself to his own sitting-room, and to a particular bin of liquids until further orders, the rest of the apartments at once to be put under seal, and secured to his better half."

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INDIAN BEAUTIES OF KANSAS.—Quindaro is on Wyandotte Indian lands, and there are Indian beauties around here in every direction. The names of some of them are peculiar. Among them I met Polly Bigfoot, Mary Mud-cake, Susan Johnny-cake, Polly Between-the-logs, and Sally Spitfire. The Wyandotte Belle lives two miles below here—a bright-eyed, round-faced, chubby-cheeked girl of some 22 years, but afflicted with that black sickness so common to white girls—melancholy. I imagined at first that her sombre mood proceeded from a consciousness that her Indian blood excluded her from white society, but found it only an unrequited love. Indian girls here of any ambition will not marry Indians, for most of the tribe have become drunken and worthless. They therefore turn their eyes to white alliances, and to be disappointed in a white love is doubly painful.—*Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.*

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A LADY TAKES A COCKTAIL.—A lady passenger on board the steamer Montgomery, dressed herself in her sleeping husband's vest, coat, boots, hat and pants, and thus attired, came out of her state room, and went forward to the bar in the gentleman's cabin, took her "morning bitters," and returned to the ladies' cabin, where her appearance created great consternation, especially among the ladies en dishabille. It was said to be amusing to see the ladies "darting into their state rooms and screaming out that a man was intruding himself;" but when the excitement was at its highest pitch, her hat fell off, and displayed a profusion of curls, which explained everything—except a small bet won from her husband.—*Vicksburg Sun.*

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CAPTAIN DE RIVIERE.—A correspondent writes, "I happened to be looking over the French Army Register for 1855 (Annuaire Militaire) this evening, when it occurred to me to look for the name of the notorious De Riviere, of Blount celebrity. There was at that time no person of that name in the position of commissioned officer of any grade in any regiment of Zouaves in the French service. Neither was there any officer of the name bearing his initials in the army. As none of the papers which take so much interest in the affair have thought of exploding the humbug in this very simple way, it may serve to point a paragraph in your paper. You may rely implicitly on the fact being as I state it."—*The Press.*

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☞ What, in a great measure, explains respectability now-a-days, will be found in the following colloquy between two colored persons:—"Cato, does you know dem Johnsings up dar in Congo Place is going to be berry 'spectable folks?" "Wal, Scipio, I thought dey war gettin' along berry well, but I doesn't know how 'spectable dey is." "How 'spectable does you tink, Cato?" "Wal, guess about free thousand dollars." "More 'spectable dan dat." "Wal, how 'spectable is dey?" "Why, five thousand dollars an' a house an' lot." "Whew! good-bye, Scipio; I must gib 'em a call."

☞ The Louisville Journal says there has been for some time past a larger *floating* population in Cairo than in any other city of its size in the United States.

### NEWS ITEMS.

PROF. UTLEGRAFF, of Indianapolis, Indiana, has made a discovery in paper manufacture, which, he thinks, will be very valuable. It is made from vegetable matter, without pulping, requiring only the present process of bleaching. All kinds of paper can be made from the material in inexhaustible quantities, and at points convenient for shipping to any part of the world. It presents a smooth and even surface, and is of very white color.

A COMPANY of minstrels, performing near Saint Peter, Minnesota, have met with indifferent success. The receipts one night amounted to a bogus quarter and a bushel of potatoes.

A LETTER from Gibson county, Ind., says that not only are the hogs dying from cholera, but it has made its appearance among horses and cattle, among which it is very fatal.

JOHN A. JACKSON, the sculptor, has been engaged for some time in modelling a bust of John Howard Payne, the author of "Sweet Home." It is to be placed in the Boston Music Hall.

HOW MUCH IT COSTS A FAST WOMAN TO LIVE.—In the Woodman divorce case at New Orleans, the following evidence was given:—"Mr. Piment sworn: Has known Mr. and Mrs. Woodman for over ten years. Could say that Mr. Woodman's conduct towards his wife has always been kind and indulgent. He never knew him to oppose her in anything. Her demands were very expensive. Could not say exactly what her expenses were during a year. Knows that their expenses together were about $10,000. He was satisfied that Mr. W.'s expenses did not exceed $2,500. Mr. W. is noted for his extreme plainness in dress."

IT is asserted that a man marrying now-a-days marries a great deal more than he bargained for. He not only weds himself to a woman, but a laboratory of prepared chalk, a quintal of whalebone, eight coffee bags, four baskets of novels, one poodle dog, and a system of weak nerves, that will keep four servants and three doctors around your house most of the time.

A WEALTHY LORD.—At the late State Ball of the English Queen, the Marquis of Westminster, the richest man in England, wore four splendid jewels, among which was the famous diamond, valued at $150,000, in the hilt of his sword.

DIGNIFIED.—The Syracuse Journal, wishing to tell the editor of the Albany Knickerbocker that he *lies*, avoids that vulgarity by the severer method of a Scriptural reference, and assures the Albany man that "he is perfectly well aware that he is guilty of the sin for which Ananias was struck down by an indignant Deity."

MR. JAMES, THE NOVELIST.—The Richmond Enquirer has the following: "Report says that G. P. R. James, Esq., British Consul for Virginia, has lately been honored by the appointment of Consul-General to the Black Sea (Odessa), that he is allowed a month to decide, and that he inclines to accept the mission, doubtless on account of the promotion and the large salary. His departure from Richmond will be a source of lively chagrin to his numerous friends. His genial spirits and delightful 'table talk' will be missed at many a social board to which his presence has lent brilliancy. There are few men whose loss would be so widely felt, and so sincerely regretted." The Odessa salary is reported to be some $10,000.

WHAT IS FAME?—A man who was recently sent to Sing Sing for ten years, for burglary, learning that his portrait and life were to appear in one of the papers, ordered five hundred extra copies, which he circulated among his friends.

ANTI-BAD-LUCK SOCIETY.—A society has lately been formed at Bordeaux to put down the superstitions of evil omens. As everybody knows, it is bad luck to begin anything on a Friday—or to sit down at a table with thirteen—or to balance your chair on one leg—or to spill salt between yourself and a friend. The new society propose to have regular dinners on Fridays, to have just thirteen guests, and to turn on one leg, and spill salt all round before commencing. In the one whole year during which ill Luck has been thus defied, no single fatality has occurred to any member!

A WORK by Martin Luther, never before translated into English, has just appeared in London. It is called "The Creation: A Commentary on the First Five Chapters of the Book of Genesis."

BY an act of the last Legislature of Ohio, jurymen's fees have been increased from $1 per diem to $1 50—with mileage of five cents per mile from place of residence.

A FEW weeks since, William Laycock, of Bradford, England, undertook to walk ten miles and throw five tons weight over his head in the space of two hours. He accomplished this extraordinary feat in four minutes less than the time. In the first hour he walked six miles, and threw half a hundred weight over his head one hundred and twenty times.

IS that epicurean nation, France, the millenium of cheap as well as good food seems rapidly approaching. *Horse-beefsteaks* have been for some time universal. *Cat-cutlets* are fast getting the preference over lamb. Pigeon-pies are successfully made out of *crows*. And, of *dog-mutton*, they are now seriously discussing the probable superior succulence.

THE French journals publish a letter from the Cape of Good Hope, which states that an independent State, composed of white men, has lately been established in Southern Africa, under the name of the Republic of Trans-Vaal.—Its citizens are composed of men from various parts of Europe, who were chased away from the Cape in revolt, and made a settlement where they now are as far back as 1836.

"DEATH SITS EVERY DAY."—Many years ago, when a bill for the relief of an aged officer was under consideration in the Senate, a member who wished it set aside, suggested that it could well be postponed—"Congress sat every year." Mr. Fromentin, a Frenchman, a Senator from Louisiana, who advocated the bill, pointed energetically to the venerable petitioner, conspicuous in the lobby, and exclaimed—"Yes, Mr. Speaker, Congress sits every year, but *Death sits every day*—look!"

HENS' EGGS HATCHED BY TWO MALE PERSONS.—A gentleman named M'Keand, residing at Lowton, near Newton-le-Willows, who has been in the habit of keeping a number of pigeons for some time, lately discovered two of the male birds inclined to sit. He placed for them hens' eggs, which they at once took to, and by turns sat them, and have actually brought out three chickens. So intent were they during the time of sitting that they took turns, and the one on the nest was regularly fed by the other.—*Notts (England) Guardian.*

AT MILWAUKIE, Judge McArthur—on the ground that as the Supreme Court of Wisconsin had declared the fugitive-slave law unconstitutional, a penalty for damages under that law is not collectable—has released the press and other property of S. M. Booth, editor of the Free Democrat, which was attached to satisfy the judgment of the United States Court against him for assisting the slaves of Mr. Garland to their freedom.

THE Republican State Convention of Ohio nominated W. V. Peck for Judge of the Supreme Court. For Attorney-General, W. B. Thrall; Comptroller, C. P. Walcott; Board of Public Works, John L. Martin. Resolutions were passed denouncing the extravagance of the Administration and its Kansas policy.

THE MEXICAN FORCED LOAN REPEALED.—The government of Mexico has issued an order to all the Governors of departments and military chiefs, to avoid, in the event of being compelled to exact loans, the compulsory payment by foreigners of such imposts. The order says, the Government wishes to avoid all motives of complaint, which might perchance endanger the good understanding now existing between the Republic and foreign nations with which it is now on friendly terms.

# LETTER FROM PARIS.

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE—A CRYING EVIL—A NOVEL PROPOSITION—A PRACTICAL DIFFICULTY—THE AGE OF GADDING—THE KING AND THE WINE-GROWER.

*Paris, June 24, 1858.*

*Mr. Editor of the Post:*

Your readers will no doubt be all the happier for learning that their Imperial Majesties have quitted Fontainbleau, where they have been doing the attentive to their cousins the Queen of Bavaria and the Grand-Duke of Wurtemburg, and have established themselves in the charming little palace of St. Cloud, which, having been the favorite summer retreat of the first Emperor, is of course duly patronised by the present one. Near St. Cloud the Emperor has established a Model Farm, where model drainage and manuring, model steam-apparatus for ploughing, reaping, and threshing, model stock, a model dairy, and model crops, are all to be seen by those who are anxious to mend their ways in the various departments of farm-labor. It is said to be the Emperor's intention to open a shop for the sale of milk from this dairy, just to show the Parisians, who are in danger of growing up with very false ideas on this point, what milk really is; the stuff sold under that name by the fraudulent venders of Paris being as much like the unadulterated article as is "chalk" to the "cream-cheese" with which the popular adage has placed it in proverbial opposition. But so practical a rebuke to the milk-sellers would probably be resented by the whole retail trade of Paris, every branch of which is as deep in "falsifications" as the sellers of "milk;" and it is hardly likely that his Majesty will venture on so unpopular a proceeding. As in the case of peccadilloes committed by the officers of the army, and by the *employés* in Algeria, the generality of the offending, and the impossibility of bringing an offender to punishment without rousing the opposition of those who are equally culpable, will probably secure these poisoners of pap and of puddings from the exposure that would be inflicted by the contrast which genuine milk would offer with their wares. Yet, genuine articles of food being greatly desired by a large class who would willingly pay a fair price for the same, it is strange that some attempt is not made, in the capitals of the world, to supply the real articles whose memory is becoming a myth in almost every department. Cheap production is all very well, provided this cheapness be the legitimate result of the action of the great principles that should regulate the labor-sphere; but where this cheapness is attained, as is too often the case, by deterioration of quality, or by the diminution of wages, the seeming advantage is evidently a very great evil. A friend of mine, who has lately been looking into this subject from the double point of view of justice both to the laborer and the consumer, is so exasperated at the fraudulent nature of by far the greater portion of the goods offered for sale in our day, and the insufficient rate of wages, especially in the case of women, that he proposes to form a "High Prices Society," that shall set its face against the mischievous idea that lowness of price is the *desideratum* of society, and shall show that genuineness of quality, paid for at a remunerative rate for those employed in production, would be far more conducive to the health, comfort, and pecuniary satisfaction of consumers, than the present system of insisting on a lowness of price that can only be attained through deterioration of the conditions and products of all branches of manufacture.

The necessity for securing a wider development of agriculture, by inducing more persons to apply themselves to this walk of life, and securing the application of capital and science to the cultivation of the soil and its products, is occupying a good deal of the attention of the Government; and the various Societies, which have been frequently alluded to in these letters, for the encouragement of agricultural pursuits and the dissemination of agricultural knowledge, are zealously striving to promote these important ends. But the extreme "morsellation" of the soil, consequent on the division of real estate among all the children of every landholder, at the death of the latter, is found to offer almost insuperable difficulties in the way of agricultural reform. Irrigation, draining, the use of steam ploughs, &c., and the carrying out of all the various methods indicated by science for the improvement of land, and the increase of its productiveness, are impossible where the land is in possession of myriads of small owners, possessing an acre or two apiece, poor, ignorant, and quarrelsome, and so obstinate as to furnish one of the most expressive proverbs of the country. Nothing in theory can be more unjust than the old law of entail which made over all a man's real estate to the eldest of his sons; yet it is certain that nothing can be more mischievous in practice than the action of the existing French law of succession, in virtue of which, if a man have but a quarter of an acre of ground, this speck must be cut up into as many still smaller specks as he has children, and a tree, if he have one to leave behind him, must be cut down in order that the proceeds thence accruing may be divided in the same way. With an ample extent of surface, and of far richer quality than the soil of England, the average yield per acre in fertile and sunny France is two-thirds less than in England; and while scientific adaptation is every year adding to its triumphs across the Channel, France persists obstinately in its old stand-still, wasteful, and primitive methods, and of course has to submit to the inconvenience of the consequent paucity of results.

Upon paper, the idea of a Scotch Duke holding in fee simple an entire county, while an army of great landowners share between them nearly the whole of the face of the British Isles, seems monstrous in the extreme; and the opposite action of French law, securing to every child an equal proportion of the family patrimony, appears to be the *ne plus ultra* of justice and common sense. Yet English farmers, holding their farms on long leases, from generation to generation, and at equitable rents, are thus enabled to secure, practically, all the advantages of ownership, and can afford to introduce the improvements which, costly as they are, are greatly remunerative when applied on a large scale; while in France, the constant chopping up of the land, and the reduction of farmers at the death of each generation of owners, disseminates the soil among a host of infinitesimal proprietors whose scope is too narrow to admit of their adopting any of the improved methods of modern science. The nation is thus injured, collectively, to the extent of the possible benefit of which it is thus deprived; while the individuals to whom the shreds of land thus accrue by the division of the family-inheritance, are none the better for their heirship. For what was once a handsome estate, capable of maintaining not only the family of its owner, but a whole population of farmers and laborers, becomes frittered away, in the course of a few generations, into a host of minute fractions which are unable to afford anything beyond the narrowest and lowest subsistence to their owners, and gradually, by repeated subdivision, incompetent even to that. I myself have seen bits of ground less than a yard square, constituting a separate "property." A triangular bit of wheat in a vineyard near Paris, less than four feet long, by two wide, was once pointed out to me as "an estate" that had been the subject of half a dozen lawsuits. It was already too small to plant a vine in; so its owner had planted it in wheat, in the midst of vines belonging to other parties. Suppose that its owner has ten children, this mite of a "wheat field" must be divided into ten bits at his death; let each of these ten "heirs" leave several children, and see what will remain of this precious patrimony! In view of the inevitable results of this constant sub-division of the soil, many eminent French thinkers and writers are urging a return to the old law of primogeniture and entail, as the sole method of giving the necessary stability, scope, and possibility of progressive improvement to agriculture; and there is little doubt but that the necessity of the case will compel the adoption of such a measure, unless some method can be devised, some system of co-partnership among owners, which shall admit of land being worked on the large scale which is alone remunerative, while permitting the subdivision of the value it represents among the heirs of the various owners at their death.

Leaving this weighty question to the serious investigations its importance demands, let me mention, for the edification of your readers, that recent statistics give 225 millions of passengers as the number conveyed, in 1856, by the world's railways! Few appreciations are capable of bringing out so clearly to the mind's eye the astonishing action of modern ideas and modern appliances on the "fashion of the time." The railway and the newspaper press may be truly regarded as the schoolmaster and law-maker of the modern world; bringing gradually the utmost extremities of the earth together, and inspiring lessons of brotherhood, of mutual interests, and consequently preparing the way for those general guarantees that will by-and-by link all human beings together in universal service and amity, secure the highest well-being of each and of all, and render impossible the jealousies, injustices, and conflicts of to-day. Descending from "generals to particulars," we find that, of the enormous movement represented by the results just stated—and which will certainly be immensely exceeded by the results of a similar census for the present and every future year—we find that the number of railway travellers for France is 36 millions; equivalent to one journey yearly for every man, woman and child in the country. In reality, the population of France is still excessively stationary, and a very large proportion of the movement in question is made up of the trips of the people of Paris and other large cities to the "green places" which attract them so powerfully on Sundays and holidays. But new lines are being opened in every direction; and unless some new political convulsion should interrupt the measures of internal improvement now going rapidly forward, the agricultural regions, with their stolid and ignorant populations, will soon be startled into a nearer participation in the activities of life in the Nineteenth Century. From the statistics in question, it appears that the number of deaths from railway accidents, in 1856, was one per million of travellers; that of injuries not resulting fatally, two per million. By far the greater number of these casualties are the result of carelessness; and above two-thirds of them are traceable to the fault of the sufferers themselves. Great as is the diminution of injury in travelling by rail, as compared with the casualties attendant on the old system of coaching, it is therefore clear that the risk attendant on locomotion may be still farther lessened, and that, to a very great extent, by the exercise of precautionary carefulness.

The famous Royal Library of Munich, one of the best and most extensive in Europe, has just been selling off a quantity of its duplicates, which have been bought up by the various public libraries of other towns and countries. It would be well if some of the other great book-centres followed this example.

In Geneva a tremendous conflagration has been caused by the imprudence of a servant in one of the great lumber-yards in the outskirts of the town. Five vast *dépôts* of wood and coal took fire, and flamed away in concert, "presenting" say the Genevan journals, "a cone of blaze and smoke not unlike Vesuvius in form, apparent height, and general effect." It required all the exertions of the fire and military brigades, and of the boldest of the citizens, to isolate this fire, and prevent its spreading through the town as, at one moment, it was feared would be the case.

Accounts from the wine-districts are generally good. Germany, Portugal, Spain and France are counting on a good crop: which would be a great boon to all classes, but especially to the poor, and in more ways than one. The sobriety of wine-raising districts has long ago passed into a proverb: and certain it is that, in Paris, where good, wholesome, nutritious wine was formerly within reach of the poorest laborer, and where, in those days, drunkenness was comparatively rare, this ruinous vice has become noticeably more common since the higher price of food and of wine have driven the laboring classes to spirit-drinking. Ten years ago, a man reeling through the streets was an unwonted spectacle, even in the precincts of the *barrières*, where, wine and food being untaxed, the poor go in shoals to recale themselves in the cheap eating-houses that abound there: now, you cannot go through a street, at any hour of the day, without meeting the wretched victims of the dram-shop.

A good deal of wine is made in the environs of Paris, mostly sour and thin, and now consumed in the villages where it is made, or sold at a lower price to the poorer classes of the capital. Two hundred years ago the fine wines of the Southern districts were unknown in Paris; Beaujolais and Mâcon imbibed their own cordial growths, while the Court of Versailles, knowing no better, was fain to put up with the weak and acid products of Suresnes and Beaugency. An old legend, which, however, is strictly historical, tells how, in the reign of the *Grand Monarque*, a certain Claude Brosse, an honest wine-grower of Charnay, in the Maconnais, having grown great stores of wine, year after year, which remained in his cellars for lack of purchasers, determined to strike out a new path for himself, and to seek elsewhere for a market which he could not secure in his own neighborhood, where everybody was abundantly supplied with wine of his own raising. So, one fine morning, Claude Brosse got up early, yoked his two biggest oxen into his cart, placed on this cart two glorious big barrels of his best wine, and set out for Paris, which he reached in safety in three-and-thirty days. He had not ventured to tell any one of his designs; they would have seemed so wild to his neighbors that poor Claude would most likely have been seized on as mad, and subjected to all the tortures inflicted on insanity in the "good old time." After reposing himself and his beasts for a few days in the capital, Claude began to inquire his way to the King; and hearing the proud and magnificent potentate was at Versailles with the Court, thither did the bold wine-grower now betake himself with his cart and his barrels.

It was Saturday when he reached the village then starting into existence under the forming-smiles of the royal autocrat: and learning that the King would be at mass in the Palace-Chapel next day, thither, at the hour of service, did the Maconnais betake himself.

Claude Brosse was so tall that, as he knelt near the door on the marble pavement, the King, whose eyes were always sharply exercised on all about him, imagined him to be standing, and sent one of his attendants to rebuke the indecorous stranger, and order him into a kneeling posture. The attendant returned to his Majesty, and informed him that the man was kneeling, and that his head overtopped his neighbors, simply because he was so very tall. On which Louis ordered the owner of the head to be brought to him as soon as he had quitted the chapel.

Accordingly Claude Brosse was conducted to the royal cabinet, where, in his broad-brimmed felt hat, with a great apron of bleached cow-skin covering him from neck to knee, and his lower extremities enclosed in gaiters of gray homespun, our peasant, altogether unabashed, sustained the inquisitive glance of his sovereign, and making his best bow, waited for the King to address him.

"What brings you to Paris?" inquired the King, as he surveyed approvingly the tall, robust frame of the sturdy wine-grower.

Claude now stated briefly how he had brought his ox and cart and his two barrels of wine all the way from the Maconnais, in the hope that some great lord would buy it. The King's curiosity being excited, he ordered a sample of this wine to be brought to him, and finding it to be a very different affair from the thin, watery stuff he was accustomed to drink, at once purchased the whole, and ordered the delighted peasant to send him a number of additional casks from his stores as soon as he again reached his home. The courtiers, of course, followed his Majesty's example; so that not only did Claude receive orders and bright gold pieces for all the wine in his cellar, but the crop of the coming year was bespoken in advance for his customers.

After being petted by the King and courtiers, Claude Brosse returned in triumph to his native province, where he spent the rest of his life in supplying with wine the court and the grandees of Paris. His example was followed by his neighbors, who found it more profitable to supply the distant capital with the generous products of their vineyards than to dispose of them for next to nothing to the people of the nearest towns, as they had done before Claude Brosse lighted on the bright idea of the journey whose results were destined to prove so great a benefit to himself and them.

Such was the origin of the Paris wine-trade, which now absorbs about 350,000 gallons yearly.

QUANTUM.

GRASS WIDOWS IN INDIANA.—A correspondent of the Dayton Journal, who has been travelling out in the Wabash regions of Hoosierdom, discovered one peculiarity in every town he tarried in:

Speaking of *grass* reminds me of the fact that Indiana (and particularly the Wabash) is literally swarming with *grass widows*. Every hotel or tavern has or has had one or more of those bewitching vixens domiciled with them *for ten days*, which makes them *citizens* and *residents* of the State of Indiana, and with a little hard swearing, natives too. At the expiration of ten days suit is commenced against some *vile husband*, and as a matter of course a divorce is granted, if for no other cause than incompatibility of temper. Here are congregated from all the States (except Illinois, who is a competitor for this profitable lawyer trade) all the disconsolate grass widows. A case I heard of in Peru, where the widow of a millionaire had come from Brazil, remained here ten days, got her divorce, with $100,000 of alimony, and would have had more, but Croesus had no more in the United States that was connetable.

RECKONING IMPOSSIBILITIES.—An officer on the United States steamer Arctic, saw the notorious steamer Styx in the Gulf, and says:

She appeared to be a very fine vessel, but little smaller than the Saranac, and, if we had engaged, could have made short work of us. Indeed, if it is true that some of our Senators wish the Styx to be captured and brought into one of our ports, it may be for their edification to be informed that the Wabash is the only vessel in these waters which could do it, and that even the little gunboat Jasper could capture three vessels like the Arctic with the greatest ease. It is said, in fact, that the English are very much disgusted to think that vessels of this class should be sent by our government to teach better manners.

WOOLEN THREAD.—Mr. A. F. Snow, of Brunswick, Maine, says that a few applications of castor oil will kill any kind of warts, on man or beast, without soreness.

## THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

A correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, gives the following description of a singular and beautiful spring in Florida, which, tradition says, is the identical "Fountain of Perpetual Youth," whose fabled virtues so inflamed the imaginations and excited the longings of the romantic Spaniards—the same fountain for which De Soto sought, and in the search for which he was led to the discovery of a stream so much more wonderful, and of waters which, if they did not rejuvenate the man, have done much to give a new complexion to the world.

We should think such "crystal waters" as are here described, might penetrate the system, and cleanse it of the weakness of age; and can scarcely wonder at the wild faith of the old Castilian. Who would not like, in these hot days at least, one plunge into the clear, cool basin, to test the virtues of the waters, even now?

"A few days since I returned from a visit to this famous fountain. I can vouch for its existence. I suppose that the efficacy of its miraculous virtues has long since vanished. But its beauties are so extraordinary, and its whole nature so anomalous, as to excite in the beholder no little admiration and wonder. 'Wahalla' Springs, for so the Indians christened them, are situated sixteen miles south from Tallahassee. They form the sources of the Wakulla River, which, flowing directly south twenty miles, mingles with the waters of the great Gulf. The springs, covering an area of some two hundred yards in circumference, are entirely embosomed in a dense forest of oaks and cypresses, whose limbs are hung with banners of gray moss, which give a solemn, sombre appearance to the surroundings. From the shore you remark at once the singular clearness of the waters, and the distinct colors of blue and green which cover in patches its surface. By means of a rough scow, and a stalwart negro at the sweeps, our party was soon afloat. Not a ripple curled the smooth surface. Stretched at length upon the boards, we gazed down into the limpid depths. By actual measurement the bottom was two hundred and eighty feet below us, yet we could distinguish the minutest object there with the utmost precision. A bit of silver in gentle undulations, slipped to the bottom, appeared to be undiminished in size. At times the white sands were flecked with dancing shadows—or, when at rest, were tesselated with lines of every variety of shade. Shells and flakes of mica radiated like prisms.

"In some places, immense trees were reclining upon beds of moss, like giants at rest. There were elevations and depressions, huge ranges of a coral-like rock, and valleys stretching in pensive quietness between. There were abrupt precipices and toppling crags which overhung abysses which no plummet had yet sounded. Mosses and water plants covered other places like forests of ferns. They waved their tops as if fanned by a gentle breeze. And there were vast troops of fishes whose home life we could look in upon without breach of etiquette.

"They seemed entirely unconcerned, looking up at us with perfect indifference and moving silently on into the mossy forest beneath. A dozen yards distant was an ugly looking alligator who eyed us wistfully. On a nearer approach he gradually sank into the water and disappeared from view in a bed of rushes. While skirting along the borders, we came over the bones of a mastadon which we judged to be about eighty feet below the surface. They consisted of portions of the jaw-bone; with several of the teeth in good preservation. Several years since a gentleman in this vicinity, by means of a marine armor, succeeded in recovering a large quanity of these bones. They are very calcareous, and crumble easily by exposure to the air. These springs are no ordinary curiosity. To the naturalist and the man of science they afford a subject for investigation and interesting exploration. The sombre forest, the cloudless heavens, the strange water fowls, associated, as they are, with the enjoyments and pleasantries of a delightful party, will not soon fade from our memory."

HALLUCINATION WHILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF CHLOROFORM.—Our readers no doubt remember the case of a dentist in Philadelphia who was accused and convicted of rape upon a lady under the influence of chloroform, the lady herself being the only witness against him. There were many persons who doubted the reliability of the testimony of a person as to facts occurring during the influence of the chloroform, and it was a subject of much discussion. A very singular case has lately occurred in this city, showing how little such testimony is to be relied upon. It seems that several of our most eminent physicians and surgeons, including Dr. Dunne, Dr. S. Richardson, Dr. Cochrane, Dr. T. L. Caldwell, Dr. Colescott, Dr. Hardin, Dr. Bayless, and others, met to witness the removal by Dr. Goldsmith, the distinguished professor of surgery of the Kentucky School of Medicine, of a huge cancerous breast from the person of a lady residing in the lower part of the city. While an assistant was administering the chloroform, and before the patient was fully under its influence, she was observed to draw the covering over her breast, which was bared for the operation. Soon after this she sprang up and declared in the most indignant manner that she "would rather die than be abused in that way." And it was only by the utmost efforts on the part of Dr. Goldsmith and the lady's husband that she could be induced to continue the use of the chloroform. After the operation was finished, and the effects of the anesthetic had passed off, she was asked if she remembered any thing of what had taken place. She answered (her eyes, we are told, flashing with fury) that she did not feel the cutting, but she knew well enough the indecent remarks made and the insulting liberties taken with her in her helpless state. She said that it was no use to deny; that she heard and felt all that had been said and done; and it was with difficulty she could be persuaded that her impressions were a hallucination.—*Louisville Journal, July 9.*

The above shows that a lady should always be accompanied by a friend when she intends taking chloroform—and, in fact, it is better to be so accompanied whenever she visits a physician, surgeon or dentist for any operation, with or without the chloroform.—*Sat. Eve. Post.*

THE SUMNERS.—The Boston Transcript says—"Mr. Albert Sumner, of Newport, Rhode Island, his wife and child, some time since were shipwrecked, and all undoubtedly perished. By the presumption of the law, the wife and child died first, and the husband became entitled to the property. Mrs. Sumner was a daughter of the late Walter Channing, of this city, and enjoyed the income of a large estate. Under these circumstances, more than $30,000 became legally vested in the late Mr. Sumner, and through him came to his mother and sister and two brothers—Charles Sumner, our Senator, and George Sumner, Esq. The estate was administered upon by Mr. George Sumner, and, with the consent of all these heirs, the whole of this property, which the deceased had derived from his wife, has been surrendered to her relations."

ANOTHER ATTACHMENT FOR DE RIVIERA.—An attachment was issued on Monday, of last week, at the suit of Mr. Collins, a Mobile creditor of Captain De Riviera, and Deputy-Sheriff Francis, levied upon the effects of the Captain remaining at the Hotel Napoleon, Hoboken, New Jersey, consisting of two large trunks, with their contents, a hat-box, a saddle and bridle, a sword said to have been used by him in the Crimean war, and a large daguerreotype of himself, in full Zouave costume. The creditor's claim is one hundred dollars, and the goods are supposed to be sufficient to cover it. Nothing has been heard of the Captain yet, but it is supposed he remains concealed somewhere in Hoboken. The whereabouts of Miss Blount is still a mystery. Her mother remains at the Napoleon Hotel.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

On the 1st in the House of Lords, the question of the admission of Jews into Parliament was taken up.

Lord Derby receded from his opposition to the measure. He believed it was impossible to maintain inviolate the principles for which their Lordships had so long contended, without bringing themselves into collision with the House of Commons. Therefore he felt it the duty of the House to consider whether there was any possibility of satisfactorily settling all differences. He believed that the suggestion of Lord Lucan, that the Commons should be allowed to dispense, by resolution, with the words "on the faith of a Christian," when a member of the Jewish persuasion applied to take his seat, afforded the only solution of the difficulty, and, therefore, though with great regret, he was prepared to accept the measure.

Lord Lyndhurst consented to postpone his bill, and Lord Lucan, in moving the second reading of his measure, explained that it gave the House of Commons the power of omitting the words "on the true faith of a Christian" by resolution, but required that any member of the Jewish persuasion, should present himself in the first instance at the table of the House, and state his objections to the oath in the form in which it now stood.

After some debate, the second reading was carried by 143 to 97.

In the House of Commons, the India Bill was further debated, and a variety of amendments were offered, but all were voted down.

On the 2nd, in the House of Lords, the bill abolishing church rates was taken up. Lord Derby opposed it, and it was rejected by 151 majority.

Attention was called to the fact that the Peruvian Government was selling guano to the Americans at lower prices than to the English Government. It was replied that Peru had promised to reduce the price to the American standard.

It was thought that Parliament would be prorogued before the end of July.

An important private meeting of the shareholders of the Illinois Central Railroad, was held on Friday, and a Committee of ten was appointed, one of whom will probably be despatched in a week to New York, to co-operate with the American directors. Among other changes it is recommended that a resident English director shall be appointed.

The Daily News says: that of the one hundred and seventy shares in the Company, upwards of 30,000 were represented in the room.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says that the affairs of Montenegro and the ticklish state of diplomatic relations between France and Turkey, and Austria, are considered very serious; that France has sent an ultimatum to Turkey, and if a satisfactory answer should not be returned at once, more ships will be sent to the Adriatic.

The *Patrie* says that a Russian frigate has joined the French squadron in the Adriatic, and been placed under the orders of the French Admiral. The news had created great excitement in Vienna.

Several districts in Paris were suffering severely from a great want of water. In Paris it was being used very sparingly by the lower classes.

The Madrid Journals say that the Spanish Government intends to call on England for explanations of the gratuitous insults to which Spain has been exposed in the debates in the House of Lords by Earl Malmsbury and others.

Sanguinary conflicts were almost of daily occurrence in Rome between the French and Roman soldiery.

A serious dispute has taken place between Prussia and Austria, in regard to the Garrison at Radstadt. The cause of it is said to be that, instead of a moderate contingent by Austria to replace the Prussian soldiers, she sent a larger force, thereby, say the Berlin papers, attempting to diminish the influence of Prussia. The newspaper controversy which this difficulty has excited rages fiercely on both sides.

The cholera had made its appearance at St. Petersburgh.

☞ He that gives good advice, builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example, builds with both; but he that gives *good* admonition and *bad* example, builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.—*Bacon.*

☞ A member of a State Legislature was drunk three parts of his time, and on some one remonstrating that he was disgracing his constituents, he said: "Nonsense! three-fourths of *them* are drunkards, and I represent them fairly. Go into the National Congress, and if you see a brawling, drunken member—and they are not scarce—you will find that the constituency of that man is of the same character."

☞ Notwithstanding all that has been said about tea being a "slow poison," the Chinese assert that the man who drinks tea in sufficient quantities may live to a hundred years.—The Celestials take it very hot.

☞ That all who are happy are equally happy, is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher. A small drinking glass and a large one may be equally full, but a large one holds more than the small.—*Johnson.*

☞ "Cuffy, why don't you kick that dog?" "What am de use ob kicking every cur what snarls at you? Don't you know dat am de way he wants you to bring him into notice?"

☞ An application to any study that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men nor better citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson; and the knowledge we acquire by it is a creditable kind of ignorance: nothing more.—*Bolingbroke.*

☞ An exchange paper contains an advertisement by an express company of some uncalled for goods; by an accident the letter L has dropped from the word lawful, and it now reads—"People to whom those packages are directed are requested to come forward and pay the *awful* charges on the same."

☞ When Sheridan was in distress in early life, one of his resources was writing for the fugitive publications of the day, in which he was materially assisted by his wife; and many years after his entrance into the sphere of politics he was heard to say, that "if he had stuck to the law, he believed he should have done as much as his friend Tom Erskine; but," continued he, "I had no time for such studies. Mrs. Sheridan and myself were often obliged to keep writing for our daily leg or shoulder of mutton." One of his friends, to whom he confessed this, wittily replied,—"Then, I perceive, it was a *joint* concern."

☞ A SLANDER.—There is this peculiarity in the bad humor of women, that it must inevitably take its own course. The best arguments, the most evident reasons, the most convincing proofs, have no more effect upon them than have pebbles upon the course of a brook; the brook murmurs a little louder, and continues on its way.—*Alphonse Karr.*

## NEWS ITEMS.

A WHITE CROW.—The Milledgeville (Georgia) Recorder says:—"A son of ours while picking blackberries, a few days since in the neighborhood of this city, knocked down from a small tree with a stone, and caught a perfectly white crow. It had lit with a flock of black crows near him, in company with another almost white. The one secured is shaped and had, in every particular, according to Audubon, all the peculiarities of the black crow. It had been previously seen in the flock. It is the first white crow we have ever seen, and his like was not known to the distinguished naturalist."

A NEGRO TURNED WHITE.—The Worcester (Maryland) Shield says:—A correspondent at Newtown writes as follows: "We have living in this place a negro woman, aged about 50 years, named Hannah Smith, who presents the rare phenomenon of a *negro turning white*. This change has been produced by the absorption of the pigmentum nigrum, or coloring matter of the skin. Her body, arms, legs and breast are *entirely white*, with the exception of some spots, varying in size from a dime to a half dime, dispersed over her body and limbs."

THIRTY-TWO STARS!—The first flag that we have seen with thirty-two stars displayed, was that hoisted by the "George Page," on Thursday night last, while bringing home a Sunday School excursion from Fort Washington. It is useless to state that the noble ensign was the pride of all on board, for who among us does not rejoice in these tokens of expansion and prosperity as a nation?—*Washington Union.*

THE WOOL TRADE.—It is said that the wool trade of Washington county, Pa., was very active last week, at prices ranging from 25 to 40 cents per pound. One buyer purchased 800 pounds in a single day's ride among the farmers. The prices, this year, are from 10 to 15 cents lower than last year.

AN UNLUCKY BUILDING.—The Bath (Maine) Organ states that the premises of Mr. Givan, in Brunswick, where a pair of oxen was killed by lightning last week, have been struck by lightning 27 times in the last 15 years! Pretty near time to put up a conductor.

LOUISVILLE, July 13.—Mrs. Patrick Pope and family were poisoned by arsenic put in by a slave girl ten or twelve years old. Mrs. Pope is in a critical situation, but the rest of the family are recovering.

A MIXED-UP blunder occurred the other day, which is worth telling. Mr. Collamer, superintendent of the Central Road, at Niagara Falls, sent a despatch to a subordinate in Buffalo, requesting him to send down four leeches for his wife—who had a swelled face. The operator mistook the word leeches and made it *coaches*—whereupon down they came, at the tail of the next passenger train.

A ROAD TO THE GOLD MINES.—A meeting was held on the 1st, at St. Paul, Minnesota, for the purpose of considering the best means of establishing an emigrant route from St. Paul, through the Red River and Saskatchawaro Valleys, to the gold mines of Frazer River.

IN an advertisement in an English paper offering the Woodchester Park estate, Worcestershire, for sale, the auctioneer announces in a line of capital letters, as one of the tempting inducements to purchasers, "Political influence over 12,000 honest yeomen!"

THE heat is so oppressive, and drought prevails to such extent in certain localities of France, that in spite of the recent storms, water begins to get scarce. At Versailles, particularly, where the flow of the Marly aqueduct is interrupted, water is sold at fabulous prices. People talk of its being a franc for a little over a quart.

LYNCH LAW IN INDIANA.—A married man, a resident of Crawfordsville, Indiana, who had succeeded in persuading a young lady of that town to elope with him, and had reached Ladoga, with the frail fair one, was there arrested on the 6th inst., by some citizens of Crawfordsville, who took him back, tried him in the Court House, and after proving his guilt stripped him naked, and gave him a coat of warm tar and feathers, artistically laid on. He was then escorted to the outskirts of the town, and put on the train for Lafayette, whence he started, next day, for California.

THE Cleveland (Ohio) Plaindealer announces the arrival in that city, of Mr. James Banks, an eminent member of the bar at Fayetteville, N. C. He comes, says the Plaindealer, to carry out the will of the latter Mrs. Perry, who appointed Mr. Banks to see that her six slaves, Caroline Perry and her five children, have their freedom and $10,000 as soon as the estate is settled. Mr. Banks brings the freed persons here, arranges with Judge Tilden to receive the money when he shall send it, and pay it over to and advise the new settlers here how to invest it.

WE see it stated that Charles Letcher, the printer of the Free-Love paper, at Berlin Heights, Ohio, has committed suicide. His mother, an excellent woman, living in Iowa, did all she could to win her son from the seductive influences of a sensual fanaticism, but in vain; and the end has been desperation, insanity, and suicide.

ON Friday morning, of last week, an accident occurred on the New York and Erie Railroad, at Shin Hollow, 75 miles from New York City, by which the two hind cars of a passenger train were thrown from the track, by the breaking of a rail, and with their contents, precipitated down a thirty feet embankment, killing nine persons and wounding forty-seven, some of them fatally.

LAST week a respectable young lady, moving in the highest circles in this city, says the Lancaster (Pa.) Daily Times, attempted to commit suicide by taking arsenic, but, fortunately for herself and family, the dose was entirely too large, which saved her life. Medical aid was procured as soon as possible, and the proper remedies applied. She is still in a very low condition. It seems that she had fallen in love with a certain gentleman, who could not, or would not, reciprocate her affections. The knowledge of this so worked upon her, and so destroyed her peace of mind, that she determined to take her life. This is the second attempt of the kind that she has made within a few months.

THE blackberry trade in New Jersey is a source of much profit. Hundreds of bushels are sent daily to the Philadelphia and New York markets. The "season" lasts about six weeks. Some families average twenty dollars per week in gathering the berries.

THE Danville Intelligencer says:—"About three months ago, Miss Whitlock, of Danville, accidentally swallowed an American cent, of the new style—one of that description whereupon, as Ike Partington says, the American eagle looks as though he had dropped his thunder. The lodgment of this foreign substance in the lady's stomach caused her much sickness and misery. She ejected it one day last week."

THE Salem (Mass.) Observer of Saturday week gives the following account of the manner in which the streets of that city are watered: "In sprinkling the streets up in town, there being no supply of aqueduct water, they find it convenient to use *hot water* for the purpose from the tanners' tanks. It seems a little odd to cool the streets with hot water, but in one respect at least, it is better than cold water. Hot water keeps the dust down more effectually. Cold water is apt to lay on the surface in little puddles, but hot water permeates the dust, and thoroughly wets it. They say that a tank of hot water will go nearly as far again in sprinkling the streets as a tank of cold water. So, too, in wetting their bark, the tanners find that hot water will wet as much again as cold. This is owing to the penetrating power of the former. It soaks right into the bark instead of running off. Salt water is preferred to fresh, as it crusts the surface of the streets to some extent, and is, therefore, more serviceable in allaying the dust."

# RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

At one place only I had to camp out. That was on the last night before crossing the Bulga Mountain, which divides the region I had traversed from the Plains of Com-ma-roy. I had ample provisions; and at my belt, as usual, quart-pot and tomahawk slung. No other travellers happened to be at the water-hole, which was the regular stopping place, that night. Instead of the blanket I had been robbed of, I had bought a magnificent new possum-skin cloak of some aborigines at the stock-station. I should have enjoyed a good night's rest that night under the cloudless blue canopy, the air warm and balmy, the grass dewless and dry, all around still as in a sinless world, but for a very unromantic and provoking trouble incident to the spot and the season. Myriads of fleas inhabited there. It must have been the very metropolis of fleadom. At last I was obliged to leave my fire, and abandon my possum-skin blanket, throwing it over the limb of a tree, in the hope that by morning the intruders might forsake it; and go away some twenty or thirty rods into the bush, and sleep under a bushy-headed shrub.

By first peep of day I was afoot, boiled my morning tea, took a hearty meal, and began, whilst it was yet still and peaceful morn, to ascend the Bulga. No words can convey an idea of the supreme loveliness and grandeur, ever varying into new developments, of the Australian Alps. It is rarely, meantime, that they assume the sublime and solemn character of their European elders. They seem to belong to the coming times; to the age of enlightenment, peace and brotherhood, rather than to those dark and stormy periods when even mountain fastnesses checked not the march of ambitious chiefs, and the eternal snows themselves were trodden down by the march of invading hosts.

Towards night my passage over the mountain showed signs of drawing to its close. I began to descend. The heat on the mountain had been so great that I had lingered a good deal on the road, or I should not have been any such length of time accomplishing the distance. The sun was out of sight by the time I reached the plains. The full moon rose, and with it for a while came a thin mist, which rendered distant objects indistinct, but on the other hand increased the general luminousness. The road was now well beaten by the numerous flocks of sheep and droves of cattle and horse and foot travellers, all taking the same course to and from this only practicable pass of the mountain within many miles. It was far on in the night before I passed near enough to any station to perceive it through the mist. At length I came to a sheep-station, where a solitary old man, without hut-keeper or comrade of any kind, except his dogs, was tending a lambing flock. The dogs barked as I drew nigh; but, quickly taught by their instinct, fawned on me as a friendly traveller. As I waited a few moments for the old shepherd to rise and let me in, leaning over the folds and observing the new-born lambs playing in the moonlight, I could not help feeling how different, how circumscribed the capacity and destiny of the mere animal races, in comparison with the capacity and destiny of man.—*They* think of no hereafter, *they* are haunted with no prevision of a spirit-world, *they* fear no day of judgment. Could it be that the Creative Power designed the highest enjoyment for the lowest capacities? Or is man, whose troubles are so profound and manifold, really the favorite? The latter was clearly the commonsense supposition. Man need but make the proper use of his higher endowments to secure his higher felicity. Those endowments exist; and it is their erroneous use which mars that higher felicity.

The old shepherd made me welcome, and set before me his simple but plentiful viands. The hut was almost as light as by day, for the full moon shone in over the low slate chimney which had no upper covering. A lot of dried sheepskins, thick with wool, spread on the floor, supplied me with a bed. The old shepherd, wearied by the constant care required by a flock at such a season, soon slept. I lay long gazing out on the resplendent night.

The mist had cleared away. The moon, now high above the ridges and peaks of the mountain, shone with a still and solemn lustre, which, if one had any thought stirring within him, could not but direct it to loftiest themes. A few stars only, of the most powerful class, could make themselves discernible. Beyond the hut the little stream kept plashing along its bed of stones. And the fragrant acacias which bordered its banks and shrouded its bed in deepest shadow, mingled their low, whisper-like rustling with the more boisterous murmur of the stream.

As I had come along that day, and was resting beneath a tree, faint with the heat, and suffering from thirst, questioning the benevolence of God, and even at times doubting the existence of any such Being, I observed a little plant amidst the grass deposit its seed by a contrivance so remarkable and beautiful, that it seemed to me at the instant as if God were giving proof to me, by special intention, of His being, His presence, and His acquaintance with my thoughts. The lower leaves of the plant formed such a large, funnel-shaped figure, that had the seed merely gravitated on becoming detached, it would have been gathered all together at the foot of the stalk in the compass of half an inch. The stalk was too strong and short for the wind to sway it to and fro, and thus scatter the seed. And the seeds were too heavy to be caused to sail away as some do on wings of vegetable down. *Therefore*, the seed-pod was globe-shaped, and consisted of a number of sections, to the lower end of which, inside, a single seed was attached. As one by one the seeds became ripe, the section of the pod to which it was attached becoming dry and elastic, separated from its slight fastening; and springing out straight, projected the seed at its extremity several feet. The sharp click of one of these sections detaching itself had aroused my attention as I lay on the grass within a few inches of it. After listening a few minutes I heard it again, and detected the spot the sound came from. An instant's inspection suggested what was probably the cause. I struck the seed stem slightly, and another section disconnected itself, and another seed flew forth. "Such handicraft as this," I exclaimed, "is not the doing of blind chance. There must be a maker and manager of all things—a God!"

And now, as I lay looking forth into the bright and placid night, there hung expanded before me a yet mightier chart of God's ways, the starry universe. Though not then a first rate mathematician, I yet knew enough both of the phenomena and of the calculations of astronomy to be aware of the validity and correctness of the science in all its great general principles. I knew that the distances, magnitudes, densities, velocities of the planets were truly estimated, almost to a pound, an instant, and an inch. Even the youngest student may assure himself of this fact, by the simple consideration that the motions, positions, eclipses, and other phenomena of many of the heavenly bodies are foretold years before they occur; which could not be done if the elements of the calculation were not correctly stated in that operation. Even so little as a wrong sixth figure in decimal fractions would bring out a wrong result, and utterly falsify the predictions. An error in any one of the points of magnitude, distance, density, velocity, &c., would be as fatal as a profound ignorance of the whole matter. Wherefore, there does exist pertinent to our bodily senses themselves, a system of gravamina and forces so stupendous, that the most potent intellect sinks paralyzed in the attempt to conceive and realize it.—And to object its incomprehensibility against the *One* Cause, when we are compelled to accept the *manifold* effects with all their incomprehensibility about them, when we cannot deny *their* actuality, is frivolous and contemptible. Since there is *such* a system as that of the starry heavens, there may just as well, or far rather, be a God. The stupendous effects vindicate the reality, past all reasonable objection, of a stupendous cause; their order, perfectness, and beauty avouch the consistency and likelihood of that cause being intelligent design; whilst their stability bespeaks an artificer whose years have no end.

Generation after generation has seen that evening star move on secure in its appointed place. The moon's bright lamp which now shines down on Australian folds, hung refulgent of old above the plains where the Shepherds of Bethlehem watched their flocks. In earlier ages still it lit the shepherd kings in Egypt. It gave light to antediluvian flock-masters. It shone on the weeping widow and sad-hearted orphans who sat and mourned at the grave of shepherd Abel. And never has the course of moon or star been troubled, or their pathway blocked. Yet we know that over *six* hundred comets have been ever and anon, and many of them many times, dashing with furious speed across the paths of yonder moon and yonder little star. But not theirs alone. A whole net-work of planets, occupying with their orbits the magnitude of space like a web, covers the field; yet have we no record of one of the meshes of this web having been torn, one star demolished. Speculative philosophy has suggested the possibility of certain real phenomena being the result of the ruin of a planet. But a single *uncertainty* can have no weight with sound thinkers amidst a host of certainties. The circumstances meantime are precisely what might be looked for on moral grounds; but really lead in precisely opposite a direction. All existence, even the very Bible itself, is so constructed that the good man can believe in a God on the strength of it, and the evil man disbelieve. Absolute, irresistible demonstration is avoided throughout both nature and revelation, with all the regularity of obedience to a pre-adopted law. And it *must* be so. For absolute demonstration would have compelled belief. Man's free agency would have been annulled on its greatest point. His great moral task of choosing good or evil would have been taken out of his hands. He would have been without risk, without labor, without merit, without reward. His moral nature would have ceased to be an element in his decisions. Therefore, we were not to expect this planetary system without some point in it which the evil man could seize on, and say: Behold the proofs of the absence of a master's hand!—but respecting which the God-fearing man could reply, First, prove your facts; then afterwards and also, make good your conclusions. Meantime, *observe how it has been placed beyond your power to do this!*

Thus much at all events is sure in virtue of an unimpeachable record—and it is quite enough for the purpose of the argument—that the meshes of this network of moving stars have been threaded by these monstrous projectiles for about forty centuries without a catastrophe, without confusion or error. For millions of miles together there cannot be a section of the orbits nearest to the sun, amounting to a hundredth part of some of them, that has not been crossed, and in many instances crossed again and again, by the monstrous fire-cars of the Titans of the vast. How happened it that the little star was never in the way?—was never even near enough to be drawn in and swept away in the flaming vortex? Could chance have conducted this consummate operation? A thousand times, and to that a thousand and a thousand more have these enormous masses of devastative force come howling in from immensity, and traversed orbit after orbit; and *turned* at their well defined limit, and gone forth again on their drear journey of centuries through cold and empty space. Not the smallest planet have they been known to strike; not the meanest satellite have they been known to sweep away. All these things are assuredly but the veil of the vision. The intrinsic Power we see not:—only, here are the effects visible and undeniable.

I had long before turned with contempt from the conceit of chance being the author of all things. Granting that the first man came into existence by the supposed fortuitous concourse of atoms, how happened it that a like chance immediately occurred and furnished a first woman? How happened it that ages did not intervene, and the one die off before the other appeared? How came it that oceans did not interpose between the pair? How came they to walk toward the centre of the one circle, and not each to the centre of one of the millions of circles they each might have selected? Was this also chance? How did it come to pass that like chances prevailed in the countless instances of all the other species of animal beings? Why do not such chances occur again? Why—at least now and then, for a change—comes not some new species of animal into existence; or some individuals of the old races? How pleasant and convincing it would be to see a horse or a dog come into existence by a fortuitous concourse of atoms! If one could only hear of such a thing happening it would be something. Really if the philosophers who delivered us this doctrine of chance, originating and managing all things, were not mocking us with a little irony, we must be very fully entitled to smile a little good-humoredly at their peculiar innocency.

Some men of the school, of late, have thought that they have found a most deadly weapon in the fact of spontaneous generation. They might just as well have thought it about spontaneous combustion. Spontaneous generation *will not* demonstrate creative chance; but it will go far toward establishing creative design. That which a man can of his own will and purpose bring about is not of chance. That which he is obliged to call in the aid of specific laws and express conditions to effect, is no effect of chance. It shall even be granted that the evidence of spontaneous generation is of a much higher order than what is furnished by microscopic animalcules. In fact it was a very blockhead trick to go so far for it. The spontaneous generation of the *pediculus* is a pretty old story, and rather more certain. That established, all is established. But, now, what does it amount to at the utmost? Just this:—That the Creator, at the creation, operated by certain *laws*: and we find that in a most minimal group of cases those *laws* have been left to continue in operation still. And, let those who lay so much stress on this little particular in natural history, look to it for themselves, that again, *this*, in this particular walk of science be not that one little test which God forever more lays in man's path;—the one exceptional item whereby it is necessary to leave the moral demonstration less than the mathematical, to save it from what in the one is an excellence, but in the other would be a vice—compulsoriness. Mathematics, addressed to the mere intellect, *must* be compulsory. Those truths which belong to the province of the moral faculty (whose very birth-right is freedom of choice) *must not* be so, under penalty of losing their chief utility. So far is spontaneous generation from evincing chance, that it invariably appears as the sequence and effect of specific conditions, viz.: The *pediculus* never makes its appearance in a spontaneous way unless where proper ablution is neglected. *There is no chance in that.* The case follows the most indefeasible law. Nay; all its significancy is the other way. It speaks of a God of purity abhorring impurity of person as the first stage of impurity of soul; and so leaving it liable to immediate punishment by means of a peculiar and appropriate natural law.

But worse again had ever seemed to me that pettiest of subterfuges of the atheosophic schoolmen—a necessity of chance. A necessity of chance! Necessity all coercive; chance all free; and this combination of opposites meeting nowhere and in nothing to produce a something where there was nothing before! Imagine an Infinite Will, in itself all free, and capable of necessitating everything without itself; and you have a God. But necessity *with nothing to reside in*, and chance *with nothing to reside in*, and *nothing for them to meet in!*—and this constituting a necessity of chance. Meantime before the term is made use of again, let us have a definition. Terms which cannot be defined are simply jargon. Let the subtilest of atheistic and pantheistic dialecticians—for really they are but one, as the career of an able English authoress, Miss Martineau, has lately and sadly evinced—try if a *necessity of chance* is defineable without putting the idea to death for ever.

Besides, there never was, never will be, never can be such a thing as chance, itself. It is a mere fallacy of cloudiest intellect. We speak of chance often enough, it is true. But that does not demonstrate its actuality. It shows no more than that we have an impression of its actuality. Still there is no such thing. *All existence involves quality. All quality necessitates law. Where law is there is no chance.* If a man cast a stone from a distance toward a heap of others, it seems a chance which of them it will strike. But in reality it is no such thing. Bring one skilled in the science of projectiles, and give him his data—distance, weight, force, direction, attraction, atmospheric resistance, &c., &c., and he will go and lay his finger on that one of the ten thousand in the heap, which the one projected will strike. And so may every other seeming case of chance be analysed and disposed of. So that the notion of chance is a mere fallacy. And surely there is no one so foolish as to look to a nonentity—nothingness—for the origination of all things.

Nor fares it one whit better with necessity in its pure form. For, saith dilemma, it is the nature of necessity to reside in something, or it is not. If it *is*, and it nevertheless originated *all* things; then it resided in something before there was anything for it to reside in. Which is absurd. If it is not the nature of necessity to reside in something; then it is its nature to reside in nothing. And then you may say, *where nothing was there necessity was;* or *where necessity was there nothing was;*—neither of which seems to strike one as a particularly bright proposition. In short, the case in behalf of the creative efficacy of necessity, like that in the behalf of chance, is such as may do very well for poets and theorists, and all that class of scholars who habituate themselves to inventions; but it affords nothing to such as content themselves with the humble task of finding out and learning *truth as it is*.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Now the spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, forbidding to marry, commanding to abstain from meats, &c.—1st *Timothy*, iv., 1, 3.

# ETERNAL JUSTICE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The man is called a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill,
For him the axe be bared,
For him the gibbet shall be built,
For him the stake prepared
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with dead y aim,
And malice, envy, spite and lies
Shall desecrate his name
But still the world moves round and round,
And the genial seasons run,
And over the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done!

Keep, Galileo, to thy thought,
And nerve thy soul to bear;
They may gloat o'er senseless words they wring
From the pangs of thy despair;
They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide
The sun's meridian glow;
They may shun the light, but "*the world does move*"
In spite of their tyrant "No!"
And never a truth has been destroyed;
They may curse and call it crime,
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time;
They may forge their chains; but the sons defend
The field their sires have won;
And ever the Right is first in the fight,
And ever is justice done!

Pass through thy cell, old Socrates,
Cheerily to and fro,
Trust to the impulse of thy soul,
And let the poison flow;
They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
By any such deadly wine.
They cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of men,
By all the poison ever brewed
Since Time his course began.
The blind can see!—the slave is lord!
So round and round we run,
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,
And ever is justice done!

Pled in thy cell, Grey Anchorite—
Be wiser than thy peers—
Augment the range of human thought
And trust to coming years!
They may call thee wizard and monk accursed,
And load thee with dispraise;
Thou wert born five hundred years too soon
For the comfort of thy days;
But not too soon for human-kind—
Time hath reward in store,
And the demons of our sires become
The Saints whom we adore!
To-day abhorred—to-morrow loved!
So round and round we run,
And ever the Truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done!

And live there now such men as these,
With thoughts like the great of old!
Ah—many have died in their misery,
And left their truths untold;
And many *now* live and are ranked as mad,
And placed in the world's cold ban,
For sending their brave, far-seeing souls
Three centuries in the van!
They toil in penury and grief,
Unknown if not maligned;
Bearing through life the scoffs and scorn
Of the meanest of mankind.
But Truth shall conquer at the last,
As round and round we run,
For ever the Right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done!

THE SEVEN ANCIENT WONDERS OF THE WORLD.—These were, first, The brass Colossus of Rhodes, 120 feet high, built by Cares, A. D. 288, occupying twelve years in making. It stood across the harbor of Rhodes sixty-six years, and was thrown down by an earthquake. It was bought by a Jew from the Saracens, who loaded 900 camels with the brass.

2nd. The pyramids of Egypt. The largest one engaged 360,000 workmen thirty years in building, and has now stood at least three thousand years.

3rd. The Aqueducts of Rome, invented by Appius Claudius, the censor.

4th. The Labyrinth of Psammetichus, on the banks of the Nile, containing within one continued wall 1,000 houses, and 12 royal palaces, all covered with marble and having only one entrance. The building was said to contain 3,000 chambers, and a hall built of marble, adorned with statues of the gods.

5th. The Pharos of Alexandria, a tower built by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the year 282, B. C. It was erected as a light house, and contained magnificent galleries of marble—a large lantern at the top, the light of which was seen near a hundred miles off: mirrors of enormous sizes were fixed around the galleries, reflecting everything on the sea. A common tower is now erected in its place.

6th. The walls of Babylon, built by order of Semiramis, or Nebuchadnezzer, and finished in one year, by 200,000 men. They were of immense thickness.

7th. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, completed in the reign of Servius, 6th King of Rome. It was 450 feet long, 200 broad, and supported by 126 marble pillars, 70 feet long. The beams and doors were of cedar, the rest of the timber cyprus. It was destroyed by fire B. C. 265.

THE WAY THEY DO IT IN EGYPT.—Justice is cheap in Egypt. It is sold publicly at the tribunals every day, and goes a begging for buyers. Thus at the Cadi's Court, in Cairo, a ransom for murder costs the modest sum of fifty purses, or about $500; that for putting out an eye in an affray, $250; the knocking out of a tooth about $25, and so on to the end of the chapter. If the litigant is rich, he comes out of the meshes of the law swimmingly. At least, so says a recent traveller.

PETRARCH'S DRESSING-GOWN.—Among the almost priceless collection of curiosities in the private museum of the Count de S——— (lately thrown open in Paris) is an historical garment of great curiosity. This is the *dressing-gown* which Petrarch wore for many years, made of costly satin trimmed with fur—but interesting most particularly from the *verses written by the poet on the skirts and sleeves*. He used the white texture for a memorandum book!

# A BEAR HUNT IN RUSSIA.

FROM AN ARTICLE IN THE "LONDON FIELD."

Day dawned at last; the pale white beam of the sun peeped over the deep-blue haze-bank that hung on the skirts of the forest. Kerola, Demetre's brother, came into the cabin, with hoarfrost on his beard and bloom on his cheek; he assured us that Bruin was safe, as he had gone round the wood a day or so back. All was now bustle and excitement. Hot coffee, softened with brandy, was hastily swallowed; rifles were most carefully examined, and as carefully loaded; black felt boots, half an inch thick, blocked to the shape of a leg, and as hard as a carter's hat, but impervious to cold, were hauled and squeezed on somehow or other. Kerola shouldered the spear—a most formidable weapon, two feet on the blade and double-edged, hilted with a stout cross-bar of well-tempered iron two feet long, the shaft of lance-wood eight feet long. Demetre hung an axe in his belt, and Matva placed a bottle of vodky in the folds of his shuba. Two hours' working through the snow, which was as fine and as dry as the sands of the desert, brought us to the track of the bear's foot in the border of the wood. It was deep cut and well defined, and of a size that astonished me. We threw off our outward fira. Not a word was spoken except in a whisper. Milten, having slung his double rifle over his shoulder, made fast a small loop at the butt end of the spear to his belt, stuck on his left side his *couteau de chasse*, and, falling on his hands and knees, began most cautiously to worm his way through the wood, dragging the spear after him, and carefully removing every little bit of scar wood in his path, fearful lest, in placing the knee upon it, its sudden breakage might alarm the bear. I followed with a single rifle twenty paces behind. The men crouched down at the base of a tree awaiting the result.—Advancing most cautiously, and peering in all directions, on the line of the footprints, we made but little progress. In about forty minutes the advance came to a thick phalanx of small straight-stemmed trees of Scotch fir, about five feet high. Peering most cautiously through them, he fell suddenly on his chest, and, looking backward, raised his hand in token that the lair was discovered; but the small stems of the trees were so thick, that no opening could be found through which to hazard a shot. Creeping a little to the left, and then back again to the right, I saw he was puzzled, for, in firing through wood of this kind, the ball is apt to glance and miss its object. The bear was about twenty paces distant, lying under a fallen spruce fir, over which was lodged a heavy canopy of snow, his head resting on his paws, and his eyes closed. Milten appeared to be greatly puzzled, and hesitated some time. At last the rifle was slowly and steadily raised, steadying it by the elbow on the left knee. He fired; the ball glanced, missed the head, and lodged in the flank. In an instant the bear sprang up from his lair, and, stretching himself on his hind legs, he looked wildly and eagerly around, uncertain from what quarter the shot came. The sportsman remained motionless as the stump of a tree; it was but an instant before the bear detected him, and, making a dash forward, was within ten paces, when the second shot rapidly followed. The ball struck the chest, and the bear rolled over a complete summersault. He was up, however, in an instant. The gun was rapidly thrown from the hand and the spear seized. With the right knee on the ground, the butt of the spear against the foot of a small tree, and the point presented to the bear, Milten crouched under it, awaiting the result, calling to me not to fire. I had, however, thrown myself flat, and was half-buried in snow. The bear precipitated himself on the point of the spear, which entered his chest about three inches; grasping the shaft with his fore-paws, he held it tight and shook it most violently, and every moment I expected to see it wrenched from the hand or snap off, for Milten could scarcely hold it firm. The smallest sway to the right or left, and he would inevitably have been lost, by losing his power over the spear. Most fortunately, the end of the shaft had caught against the root of the tree. The bear at last (maddened with agony and wild with rage) made a lunge forward with his full power and strength; the spear rose from the incline nearly perpendicular; at the same time his paws slipped down the shaft. His weight, thus suspended, sent the blade of the spear home to the cross-bar. The bear poised for a few seconds in the air. At this moment I saw his head fall on his chest; the foot of the spear slipped at the same instant, and down he came with his full weight on the hunter, who lay buried beneath. I ran up and tried to liberate him; but the end of the shaft had caught under a curve of the root; and the opposite end, being kept down by the weight of the bear, acted like a lever across Milten's chest, so that he could scarcely breathe; and so firm was it fixed that I could not extricate it. In this dilemma, I ran back, shouting to Demetre to come up, which he did most timidly. Clutching the axe out of his hand, I rushed back immediately; two or three blows severed the root, the butt sprang up, and my friend was liberated—the bear rolling over on his side.—Milten was covered with blood and snow, and completely exhausted, and as re-action came on, trembled from head to foot. Matva's bottle did essential service, and soon restored the combatant. "Touch and go," said he, as he scraped the blood and snow off his coat with his hunting-knife. The bear's paw had struck Milten's right shoulder in, it was supposed, his death-struggle, completely stripping off the coat and under-clothing, and leaving the skin bare, but, fortunately, had not lacerated the parts. The bear was of the very largest description of the black variety, and the claws were seven inches long, and as sharp as needles. A pull at the bottle all round, and Kerola was despatched to the village for a sledge; those that remained tugged and hauled the huge monster to the border of the forest—a task of no small difficulty. Kerola soon arrived with the sledge. Tilting it on the side, we rolled the bear in, and entered the village in triumph; every man, woman and child greeted our return, and white-headed sages declared it was the largest bear they had ever seen, "and no doubt it was the same that had killed the cow last summer, and dragged her two versts into the wood."

We bade farewell to our host, and Kerola brought up the bear to Gachina the next day. Many of Milten's military friends came to look at it, and the following day two or three joined us to dinner, when two of the paws were served up in the most approved style of Russian cookery; they looked very much like very large human hands with long taper fingers.—All declared them exquisite that partook of them; as for myself, I was in some such a position as Noah Poke, when he sat down to dine off red monkey—"it might be very good meat, but it was rather nervous to the eye."

About four weeks after, I received one of the hams, salted, smoked, and properly prepared; but I found it very coarse—immeasureably inferior to the Westphalian grunter.

R. R. DROZIER.

# CLAY EATERS.

What will the reader say on hearing that in many parts of the world even clay is a respectable and respected food? Travellers, who see strange things, are very positive in their assertions on this head. Humboldt, a man whose word justly carries with it European authority, confirms the statement of Gumilla, that the Ottomacs of South America, during the periods of the floods, subsist entirely on a fat and ferruginous clay, of which a man eats a pound or more. Spix and Martuis declare that the Indians of the Amazon eat a kind of loam, even when other food is abundant. Molina says the Peruvians frequently eat a sweet-smelling clay; and Ehrenberg has analysed the edible clay sold in the markets of Bolivia, which he finds to be a mixture of talc and mica. The inhabitants of Guiana mingle clay with their bread; and the negroes of Jamaica are said to eat earth when other food is deficient.

According to Labillardiere, the inhabitants of New Caledonia appease their hunger with a white friable earth, said by Vauquelin to be composed of magnesia, silica, oxide of iron, and chalk. To conclude this list we must add Siam, Siberia, and Kamstschatka, as countries of clay eaters. This is rather a staggering accumulation of assertions which we cannot dismiss altogether, even if we suppose a large allowance of scepticism justifiable. Granting the fact that certain kinds of earth are really nutritious (and it is difficult to escape such a conclusion,) we are completely at a loss for an adequate explanation of it. Little light is thrown on it by the assumption, probable enough, that the earth must contain organic matter; because, in a pound of such earth could scarcely be contained sufficient organic matter to supply the demands of an adult. Nor will it get rid of the difficulty to say that the earth only appeases hunger, without nourishing the system; because, in the first place, Humboldt's testimony is, that the Ottomacs *subsist* on clay at periods when other food is deficient; and, in the second place, although the *local* sensation of hunger may be appeased by introducing substances into the stomach, the more imperious *systemic* sensation of hunger is not thus to be appeased. We must, therefore, be content at present with accepting the fact, which the science of a future day may possibly explain.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

HERODOTUS'S OPINION OF GOVERNMENT.—Herodotus gave the preference to Monarchy. He said:—

"What government can possibly be better than that of the very best man in the whole state? The counsels of such a man are like himself, and so he governs the mass of the people to their heart's content; whilst at the same time his measures against evil-doers are kept more secret than in other states. Contrariwise, in oligarchies, where men vie with each other in the service of the commonwealth, fierce enmities are apt to arise between man and man, each wishing to be leader, and to carry his own measures; whence violent quarrels come, which lead to open strife, often ending in bloodshed. Then monarchy is sure to follow; and this, too, shows how far that rule surpasses all others. Again, in a democracy, it is impossible but that there will be malpractices: these malpractices, however, do not lead to enmities, but to close friendships, which are formed among those engaged in them, who must hold well together to carry on their villanies. And so things go on until a man stands forth as champion of the commonalty, and puts down the evil-doers. Straightway the author of so great a service is admired by all, and from being admired soon comes to be appointed king; so that here, too, it is plain that monarchy is the best government. Lastly, to sum up all in a word, whence, I ask, was it that we got the freedom which we enjoy?—did democracy give it us, or oligarchy, or a monarch? As a single man recovered our freedom for us, my sentence is that we keep to the rule of one. Even apart from this, we ought not to change the laws of our forefathers when they work fairly; for to do so, is not well."

COPPER ARISTOCRACY IN FRANCE.—The titles' bill, so cunningly devised by Louis Napoleon, is creating a perfect *furore* in the Democratic empire. Even Americans from our great republic have been found to sink the honest names given by their parents, and by god-fathers and god-mothers, and take up with some new-fangled designation, derived from the possession of a few French acres. A gentleman lately, on returning home, found a card at his house, the designation upon which sorely puzzled him—"M. le Comte de ———." He had but newly-arrived in Paris, and felt himself conscientiously and wholly guiltless of any acquaintance with count, or marquis, or *noblesse* of any kind whatever. A week or two later, a countryman, upon whom he had stumbled on first arriving, and who had been long a resident in Paris, again accosted him on the Boulevards, and accused him of "not having returned his call." "Was not aware you had called," said the other; "never got your card." In the course of conversation, "Madame le Comtesse de ———," the very same name as that which had so puzzled our countryman on the mysterious card, was spoken of. "Why, do you know *her*?—who the d—l is she?" "Who is she?" was the reply; "my *wife*, to be sure, and I am M. le Comte de ———."

## BISHOP HEBER TO HIS WIFE.

[The following beautiful lines, by the late Bishop Heber, were addressed to his wife, while he was making the tour of his immense diocese in the East Indies:—]

If thou wert by my side, love,
How fast would evening fall
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale.

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gladly would our pinnace glide
O'er Ganga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray;
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Ganga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
On broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er black Arcorah's hill.

That course nor De hi's kingly gates,
Nor mild Murwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits,
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea,
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

# MY GODFATHER'S GUINEA.

BY RUTH BUCK.

My godfather was a man of a thousand. He possessed an iron will and a degree of perseverance which impelled him, having once resolved on a thing, to execute it at all hazards. His career was cited generally as a wonderful example of luck; but the word "luck" ought never to have been used with respect to him, since no man ever owed less to mere good fortune than himself. He had worked his own way, literally by hair-breadths at first; and I believe one of his grand elements of success was his determination never to owe to the aid of another what he could, by any amount of labor, accomplish himself. Self-dependence, perseverance, steady resolution, and industry, were the various component parts of which my grandfather's "luck" was made up. I can see this now I am old and gray, but who reasons thus on his eighth birthday? I did not; but having heard the above much-abused term "*lucky*" so often applied to my godfather, I regarded him as one favored by some good protecting genius, whose invisible hands removed everything calculated to obstruct success.

My godfather always dined at our house on my birthday. On its eighth anniversary he filled his usual place at the board; and to this day I can picture him exactly as he looked then. His hair, white enough by nature, was powdered, and tied in a *queue*. He had a wide and also high forehead, with thick, snowy-white shaggy eyebrows overhanging such keen, black eyes. His dress was always handsome; his shirt-frills like very snow-flakes, and his buckles resplendent with diamonds. He dressed becomingly, because he considered that, like everything else, worth being done well if worth doing at all. On each succeeding birthday especially, though not then alone, I received substantial proofs of his good-will towards myself—always wonderfully appropriate, generally something I had actually longed for.

Doubtless his keen appreciation of character and habits of observation enabled him to guess what would afford me most pleasure. *I* thought an invisible agent followed me, and reported accordingly. I therefore received his gifts with awe, and cherished them as I did no other of my early possessions.

It was after dinner, then, on my eighth birthday. I was full of wonder as to the coming present; for, contrary to usual custom, no outward visible sign, no parcel heralded the gift. "Has he," thought I, "can he have guessed what I so much wish for?" My longing, be it known, was, that the secret of his "luck" might be revealed to me.

I could feel my heart throb, though my breath was almost suspended, as, in compliance with his request, I went to his side. "Francis," said he, "hold out your hand." I obeyed. He placed an antique guinea in the extended palm. "Francis, that guinea was given to me when I was eight years old. Had I not noticed the care you take of my gifts, I should not, after preserving it more than half a century, now give it to you. Yes," he said, "that guinea was the foundation of my fortune. I had never before owned such a sum when it came into my possession; but I determined to gain more. Some people," he added, "would call it a lucky guinea, and if it be, I am satisfied to transfer it to you. May you be as prosperous in your career as I have been, and from the same cause! Pray guard it carefully; and remember, as long as you possess that, you will never be in want of money."

I did not see the stately smile on my godfather's face, or understand the laugh of my other elders at the old-fashioned commonplace which concluded his harangue. I was absorbed in an awful feeling of responsibility—in the thought that my godfather indeed possessed supernatural power, had divined my wish, and not only revealed to me the secret of his "*luck*," but had placed in my hands the talisman which was also to secure my own. For many nights after I scarcely slept. I exulted in the possession of my treasure; but it was with trembling, for if I should lose it! A cold perspiration covered me at the bare idea of such a calamity.

I was sorely puzzled where to find a safe repository for it. At length I persuaded my mother to make a little wash-leather bag with an outer covering of silk, in which I placed my guinea, and hung it round my neck by a black ribbon. Year after year did the feeling that its preservation was essential to my well-being continue predominant; and long after the gentle mother who smiled at my whim and humored it was dead, the guinea hung by the black ribbon in its usual place. My career at school and college proved successful; my tutors praised my industry, fellow-students said I was the hardest reader in the University, my friends sang my praises as a genius, and *I* smiled, and played with the ribbon whence depended my godfather's guinea. How could I be otherwise than fortunate? You may laugh and call this weakness, but it influenced me; nevertheless I laughed also, and with good cause—I won. At twenty-three I left college, free. Free from all care for the morrow, since those who were "born before me" had taken that upon themselves; free from control, since my guardian's jurisdiction ended at the usual time, and his death—for my godfather was the individual—happening soon after my majority, greatly increased my already abundant means.

I had been a great student; but now I resolved to see something of life; I would spend some time in travel before settling down. But first I must go to see Dr. Carleton, an old friend of my father's, resident in Derbyshire, whose eldest son had just taken possession of my vacated rooms at Cambridge.

Most studious men are awkward on entering society—I was extremely so; but Mrs. Carleton proved my good genius, for she had the rare art of making all domesticated under her roof feel at home. When I saw her, with her group of olive-branches and genial-hearted husband gathered round the hearth, I was a very boy again in my delight at forming one of the social party. Dr. Carleton's profession engaged much of his time; but weariness or *ennui* was unknown under the roof with Mrs. Carleton. With her I was a lad; and on my return from a ramble, she invariably called for a relation of my doings, when forthwith I flung myself on the rug at her feet, and gave a full and particular account. I ransacked my memory to amuse "mamma," as I called her; and, among other things, gave her a half-jesting, half-earnest, but wholly whimsical and imaginative, history of my godfather's guinea. She in turn told the doctor, and the same evening expressed a wish to see the talisman. I drew out the little case, still suspended; but that was not enough, she must see the coin itself. I hesitated, but her merry laugh conquered; and after fifteen years' concealment the guinea again saw the light.

I scarcely liked to see it in any hand but my own, though I was in a manner compelled to submit; and it was examined, duly compared with a new one, and replaced in my hand just as a visitor entered.

Next day, Dr. Carleton and I went for a long drive through the most charming parts of that romantic district "the High Peak," and combined the agreeable with the useful by calling on such of Carleton's patients as lay in our way. Wending homewards towards evening, we stopped at the house of a gentleman on whom he had lately been in attendance; but the patient was convalescent, and the call—the most agreeable a doctor can make, at least for the patient, and let us in charity hope for himself also—a friendly one. I waited his return sitting in the gig; and feeling chilly, enveloped myself in the servant's cloak, by accident brought with us. I was running over in my mind all the lovely bits of scenery I had passed through, when a smart tug at my cloak aroused me; and a pretty damsel handed me up a glass of beer, accompanied by the whisper, "I have brought you something to drink."

I had the affair in a moment. The pluck at my cloak, and the verbal intimation which followed, convinced me I was mistaken for the servant; so I determined to have a laugh at the expense of my generous Hebe. I readily accepted the brimming cup, saying, "Oh, thank you; I just wanted such a draught, and I believe Providence has sent you with it, for I see you are an angel." She tried to put on a frown, but the pretty face would not accomodate itself to the needful lines and angles. She then looked up slyly in my face, pouted out her lips as far as a struggling smile would permit, and replied, "Hold your bother, and drink your beer; your master will be here in a minute." I readily complied with the first and most material portion of this advice; I drank the beer—no difficult task when a man is thirsty and the draught good Derbyshire home-brewed; but hold my bother I did not; on the contrary, as I returned the glass I heaved a deep sigh, partly to relieve suspended respiration after my draught, and partly—I like economy even in sighing—to express the state of my feelings towards herself. I was sadly puzzled how to say something complimentary, not being used to that sort of thing, and at length blundered out awkwardly enough, "I wish I'd never seen you; I don't believe I shall ever be happy again; and if I am not, won't you have something to answer for, that's all?"

"How you talk!" answered she. "Why shouldn't you be happy? I have done nothing to hinder you."

"Do you call it nothing to come giving a fellow beer just to steal his heart?"

"You're only poking fun at me," was the reply; but her pretty coquettish air and conscious half smile, which, try as she would, she could not screw into a frown, convinced me my compliments, though clumsily executed, were duly appreciated.

"Now do," said I, "be serious, and tell me if you have a sweetheart; and if not, if you think you could manage a little shop. To my fancy, you're just the right sort of article; for I know lots of customers would come for the sake of being waited on by such a pretty smiling girl."

Again she looked in my face, but this time as grave as a judge, and, with an expression on her own of the most complete innocence and candor, answered thoughtfully,

"Well, to be sure, there's Jim Allen has followed me this good while; but if I look at anybody else he quarrels, and is always saying he'll go 'list for a soldier; so there's no depending—and—and *I always did* think I should like to keep a shop."

At this most critical moment a step was heard, and the noise sent off my fair enslaver with the speed of an antelope. Little was she, or for the matter of that was I, prepared for the approaching *dénouement*. Carleton had accepted for both of us an invitation to dinner, which meal happened to be unusually late, as his friend had company.

After the best toilet circumstances would permit, we entered the dining-room. From my knowledge of our host's family habits, I felt sure of seeing my shopkeeper in perspective; and the first bustle of introduction over, I glanced round, and soon caught sight of her. Exactly opposite, still as a statue, her mouth open to no great width, the said feature being of most moderate dimensions, with her eyes round as a bird's, she stood the picture of astonishment. In one respect she was unlike a statue, for she was red as scarlet—face, neck, and arms all in a glow. The instant she caught my amused look, she busied herself at the sideboard, and vouchsafed no second glance.

We stayed very late; and when about to depart, I went to ask from her a light for my segar, taking the opportunity to slip a little present into her hand by way of atonement for the trick I had perpetrated, telling her in a quiet whisper the while, "It will help to stock the shop."

At breakfast the next morning, I told the joke to Mrs. Carleton, who good-humoredly rated me for cheating the damsel, though she laughed at the speedy discovery of my imposture.

Two days afterwards, in packing up my goods and chattels, preparatory to departure, I missed my grandfather's guinea. I ransacked every place, examined every article again and again; the ribbon and case were round my neck, the guinea was gone. At first I thought Mrs. Carleton had contrived to possess herself of it, in order to have a laugh at my discomfiture; but no, she assured me she knew nothing of my lost treasure.

At this distance of time I can own how much I was affected by its disappearance; then I was ashamed to let it be known. I sat down on a portmanteau, and surveyed the rest of my possessions with a species of calm despair. I half expected they would vanish from before my eyes. Begin with your nursery-books, dear reader, and gaze in fancy on every picture of despair which your upward course of reading has presented to your spiritual vision. Fancy Mrs. Bluebeard when the blood wouldn't come off the key, Little Red Riding-Hood when she found the wolf was not her grandmother. Pooh! these are a mere nothing; Aladdin when his lamp was gone would be nearer the thing; but I thought myself fully as desolate as Marius amongst the ruins of Carthage. He did not feel his desolation more than I did the loss of that guinea. With it I was a perfect Sampson of strength, ready for any undertaking; without it, I was the hero shorn of his locks, and consequently powerless.

"Absurd!" say you. Well, it was. But it was my pet absurdity; and which of you is without one? Who can look back and say he has not been at some period of life influenced by a superstition equally ridiculous? I believe there are few who, searching into the memories of early days, cannot recall some incident insignificant in itself which still retains the power to influence their actions; or a sentence, uttered perhaps thoughtlessly enough, which possesses a charm for them which only death can dissolve.

If the child be indeed father to the man, so are the impressions received in early youth as a strong man to a puny child in comparison with those of a later age; and I frankly confess my superstitious feeling with regard to the "*lucky*" (?) coin increased tenfold after I had lost it.

I declare I was not one bit surprised when, on the morning fixed for my departure from Carleton's, I received news of a very serious change of fortune. I expected a blow from some quarter, and was almost indifferent whence it should come.

Just after coming of age I placed in a certain individual unlimited confidence: and in addition to that, I trusted him with a sum amounting to many thousands of pounds. The man was honest, but unfortunate; and my one lost coin was immediately followed by all these thousands of his golden brethren. So said a letter I received. It was a great but not a ruinous loss. Strange, it affected me less than the disappearance of my godfather's guinea. I considered it only as the beginning of my misfortunes.

I started for the Continent two days after leaving Derbyshire, not in quite the same style I originally intended, and very far from feeling in the same spirits. I left England at twenty-three; I was eight-and-thirty when I saw it again.

As to giving a detailed account of my ill-luck during these years of wandering, it is more than I dare do. Imagine all the evil fortune you ever read of happening to a solitary wanderer,—adventures at the gaming-table excepted,—and you will about have hit mine. I never did gamble; I felt too sure I could by no possibility win to risk my cash thus. I had a disappointment in love, too, which I also attributed to the loss of the guinea. Some of my friends say it was not the disappearance of *that* coin, but of the number which followed, that did the mischief, and doomed me to old bachelorhood.

Well, as I said, I returned to England; and though I knew Carleton and his family had long since left Derbyshire, I felt a great longing to see it again. I resolved to go to the old place, take up my abode at a country inn, and indulge in long rambles as I had done fifteen years before. It was dark when I descended from a stage-coach at the hostel-door, where, if I found the arrangements to my liking, I intended to take up my quarters, about four miles from the town where Carleton formerly lived. Outside was a cold evening in early spring; inside, a bright fire, jovial-looking landlord, and a smiling, comely landlady. As the latter bustled about, I could not help thinking there was something about her strangely familiar to memory; but I vainly turned over all the faces I ought to remember, and certainly hers was not among them.

Tired after my journey, and allured by the comfort of my dormitory, I let the sun be high in the heavens ere I rose the next morning.—Then I breakfasted, ordered dinner, intimated my intention of making a lengthened stay, provided I found things suitable, and prepared for a stroll. The landlord was lolling by the door-post, and gave me a civil "good-day" as I passed him. In the act of crossing the threshold, my eye was attracted by a large circular sign-board swinging in the wind, on which was painted, with tolerable accuracy, a representation of a golden coin, and encircling it these words, "The Lucky Guinea." The sight of this was like a dagger to my breast. I had never forgotten my misfortune: how could I? But the sign-board was a mockery of my woes, an aggravation of the discomfort *that* recollection always caused me. I felt tempted to assault the landlord, who, having reason to remember the luck a guinea had brought him—for doubtless it was so, the sign being no common one—must post up a flaring advertisement of his good fortune, to deride, in a manner, his less prosperous fellow-creatures. I felt aggrieved, indignant, and yet curious to know all about it. I was tempted to ask the landlord why he adopted such an emblem; but I reflected that I should do better to inquire when a little acquainted with the characters of mine host and his comely wife. I therefore took a long stroll, gazed on the scenery, but remembered little; for I thought of my lost guinea.

I returned, dined, and carefully praised the provisions and cookery to the landlady; the wine I lauded in her husband's presence, thereby winning the hearts of both. Dinner past, I begged permission to sit in their parlor rather than my own apartment, and invited the landlord's aid in consuming some of his excellent wine. Finally, I completed my conquest by stating, that I never considered tea *was* tea unless poured out by female hands, and begging the landlady to undertake that office for me.

Having thus got all in trim, I artfully alluded to the sign-board, and in less time than I shall be able to write it, I was in possession of the history of its adoption. I could hardly believe my ears when the comely landlady gave an account of her having fifteen years before received a guinea as a present from a gentleman to whom she had given a glass of beer, mistaking him for Dr. Carleton's groom. Suffice it to say, I heard the story I have told above, only she was the recipient, I the giver of that guinea. I now recollected what for fifteen years had never entered my mind—that on receiving my godfather's guinea back from Mrs. Carleton, I did not at once replace it in the case, but retained it in my hand after the visitor's entrance. Doubtless, in a fit of absence I had slipped it into my pocket, and thence transferred it to the damsel who brought me the beer in the gloaming.

"After I got that guinea," said she, "I don't know how it was, but I began to put a little money by. I suppose it started me like; for a servant doesn't often get so much given her all at once. I told Jim—that is my husband—about it, and the joke the gentleman played on me, pretending he wanted me to marry him and keep a shop. Well, Jim was as cross as anything—he never could bear me to look the side any other man was on; and whenever we disagreed about the least trifle, he would sneer and ask 'when the fine gentleman was coming to start shopkeeping with me.'"

"Don't you believe her, sir," interposed the said Jim. "She used to sneer, and turn up her nose at *me*, besides flirting and laughing with all the chaps about, till she nearly drove me crazy."

"Be quiet now, and let me finish. At last he made *me* cross—he was so jealous—and I declared, whoever came, I wouldn't marry *him*. When he thought I was in earnest, and would neither walk out with him nor let him come to see me, he got quite desperate, and one day he 'listed for a soldier, as he had often threatened to do when I vexed him. I only meant to punish him for being so jealous, and never dreamed he would take on like that; and a fine way I was in when I knew. This was two years after I first began to save. I had a tidy bit of money; for I had many a present after that first—'the lucky guinea,' as I used to call it. I had lived four years in one place, and the mistress was very kind to her servants—so, seeing me in trouble and fretting, she asked what was amiss. I told her; and she said, 'Never mind; he must be bought off.' She gave me a good talking to for teasing Jim; but she saw I was sorely grieved, and she spoke to the master. He got to know all the particulars for me, and all the family gave me something towards taking my sweetheart out of pawn, as they said. Would you believe it, I had just enough and that guinea to spare! After that Jim and I got on well enough, and in time we took this place, and got married. Jim said though the guinea made us quarrel in a way, it had brought us together better friends than ever; so we would keep it, and call our house the Lucky Guinea."

There was a little more joking between the husband and wife, after which I asked if they still kept the guinea.

"Yes," was the answer of my hostess; "and we shall whilst *I* live."

From all I had heard I could draw but one conclusion, viz.: that I had transferred my godfather's gift and its accompanying luck to Jim Allen's "missis" fifteen years before. I was bewildered at the whole concern. That I should, after this lapse of time, and when all hope of its recovery had long gone by, hear tidings of my treasure, was to me little short of a miracle. I sought the privacy of my own room to think about it. It was certainly fortunate I had not told them of any former visit to this part of England, and I knew I could not be recognized; for not my own mother would have been able to trace any likeness between the pale student of twenty-three and the weather-beaten visage I now owned. But what need of concealment? Simply this: I was resolved to regain that guinea, or perish in the attempt. I could see mine host and his wife, in their way, attached as much importance to it as ever I had done to mine, and would not part with it on any account. However, I argued thus: when the coin left my possession I never intended to bestow anything but simply a guinea; and having inadvertently transferred my luck along with it, I had a perfect right to reclaim the latter.

It would take too long to tell how my stay in Derbyshire was prolonged from weeks to months; and how I listened to every word which might tend to discover the hiding-place of the treasure; or how I at length overheard a conversation between the husband and wife which revealed the secret. I had previously taken considerable pains to procure a guinea of as nearly as possible the same date, with the intention of substituting it for its lucky brother, when a favorable chance for purloining the latter should present itself. But before this occurred I was placed in a tantalizing position. My landlady being in an especial good-humor one day, unlocked the old-fashioned bureau—her domestic bank—drew out what she called "the secret drawer," and unfolding a piece of dirty paper, which, however, proved to be a bank note for ten pounds, showed me "my godfather's guinea." I knew it was the same from a particular mark I had made upon it, and had I only had the other in my pocket, should have found little difficulty in effecting the exchange there and then; but of course, as usual in those days, I was doomed too ill-luck—not a rap had I about me.

It was like draining my very life's blood to replace it in the owner's (?) hand; but I did it, enduring the while a true martyrdom. "I always," she said, as she refolded it, "wrap it up in one of these notes;" and coiling the dirty tissue round it, my guinea was under lock and key in a trice. There is, however, some comfort, thought I; I now know the exact spot in which it lies, I could find it in the dark; what a comfort they do not keep it in their bed-room! I had carefully noticed the key belonging to the bureau; and that very night I borrowed it in this wise. The landlord not being very well—this was Mrs. Allen's way of conveying an intimation that he had taken a drop too much—went early to bed. Just before retiring I entered my landlady's peculiar sanctum, and noticing her keys on the table, I asked for something which would I know oblige her to leave the room, and during her absence detached the one I so coveted the loan of from the bunch. I took from her hand the article she had been to fetch, bade her "good-night," and before my back was turned heard her clatter the rest of the keys into her capacious pocket, where I was well convinced they would rest till morning, unless anything very uncommon occurred to prevent. My landlord was already snoring. I heard him as I ascended the stairs; and in his happy condition there was little fear of rousing him by anything short of a vigorous shaking. My landlady, honest woman, worked hard during the day; and when she sought her couch fell asleep at once, and paid attention to it. I knew this fact well, because my room was divided from theirs by a rather thin partition; and at times the united conjugal snores were more powerful than agreeable.

On this occasion I hailed the addition of her nasal treble to her husband's sonorous bass as the most enchanting union of sounds that had ever saluted my ears. The servants slept in a distant part of the house. I had no fear of them; and living in the hostel as I did, anything short of being caught in the act of "prigging the cash" I was prepared for.—Softly, noiselessly, I stole down stairs. The moon was shining through the window, iron-barred but shutterless, and gave me light enough for my purpose.

I succeeded in opening the bureau. I took out the little dirty-looking parcel, replacing it by the other guinea duly wrapped in a ten-pound note as dingy as the one enclosing *my* guinea. Again I locked the bureau; and finally deposited the key on the floor close to the table where the bunch had lain three hours before, that it might seem to have been accidentally dropped there. I could have shouted and committed all sorts of absurdities in my extravagant delight at recovering my treasure; but I was compelled to restrain myself. I did not unfold the paper—I was too sure of my game to need the confirmation of sight—but hastily pushed it with the guinea into a new case prepared beforehand, and stitched it up.

I slept not, I was too much excited; and when morning came I feigned illness, and lay in bed for fear my intense delight should manifest itself. As to describing what I felt, it would be ridiculous to attempt it. I stayed a week after recovering my treasure; I witnessed the finding of the bureau-key by my landlady before she was aware of its loss, and became pretty well convinced that detection was impossible. Then, pretending business, I bade farewell to the Lucky Guinea, its burly landlord and smiling landlady; and leaving "the Peak" in its autumn beauty, I journeyed to London. Arrived there, I chanced to take up a newspaper, and in it I saw a piece of news which deserved the name of a "staggerer." It was to the effect that my former banker, having been fortunate in his second start in life, was in a position to make amends to those who had suffered by his first false one.

Such things had been done, I knew; but when I saw the printed request that his old creditors would assemble and receive their own, principal and interest, I rubbed my eyes, believing they deceived me. Happening to touch the ribbon which was attached to my guinea-case, I felt it was all right enough; and I went to the meeting and received my cash, which made me really a rich man again. From that time I was very cautious, and began to be esteemed a lucky fellow also: "Indeed," said I, to myself, "that *must* be: have I not once more 'my Godfather's Guinea?'"

Two years after my burglarious act, I bethought myself I would open the little shrine which contained my golden idol, and burn the note in which it was wrapped, that no trace of the deception might remain. I should like to pause here *ad libitum*,—I hardly know how to relate the rest.

Believers in "luck," cherishers of crooked sixpences, and all the thousand-and-one articles esteemed efficacious in bringing it, tremble for your faith. *My* pet superstition was shivered to atoms with a precipitancy which causes a cold perspiration to come over me when I think of the shock my nervous system then received. I would defer the end if I could; nay, rather let me hasten it. I opened the case, unfolded the greasy note, and saw, in place of my godfather's ancient guinea, a brand-new bright sovereign. They were just coming into fashion when I left worthy Jim Allen's; and this, doubtless the first of its kind which fell into his wife's hands, had been wrapped up in another of *those notes*. I need scarcely add that from that time I abandoned all hope of recovering "My Godfather's Guinea."

## RACHEL, THE ACTRESS.

To gratify her insatiate desire to add continually to her store, Rachel is said to have tasked her inventive powers, and generally with the success that attended all her undertakings. The following anecdotes were current among her acquaintances:

On one occasion she announced to her numerous friends and admirers that she had a perfect passion for emeralds, and intended making a collection of those beautiful gems. For this purpose she had already procured a very fine one, which she complacently exhibited to one of the titled sons of fortune who followed in the train of the tragic muse, as the gift of a competitor in the race for her good graces. The appeal was understood and responded to with a contribution of course more valuable than the specimen exhibited, the last gift in turn doing duty as a decoy to draw others, until the collection was as large as it was rich and rare—no one being willing to be outdone by his predecessor. This manœuvre, varied according to the victim played upon, brought into the lady's jewel-casket some thirty or forty of the finest emeralds in Paris, each gem set with more or less magnificence, and some surrounded with brilliants. The following year the whim was for rubies, and finally the lady raised a sapphire tax. When her ingenuity or the generosity of her contributors was exhausted, a jeweller was sent for, to whom the valued and valuable souvenirs were sold for the price that could be obtained—the money was put where it brought in better interest than in its former more brilliant but less profitable shape. The story of the guitar has been told in a variety of ways; the following is reported to be the most authentic version:—Every one has heard of the grand vizier who had once been a shepherd-boy, and who, having attained to the summit of power, desirous of being kept in remembrance of his early poverty, had hung up in a room of his sumptuous palace the humble garb, the shepherd's crook of his boyhood. A report was long afloat that, following this excellent example, Mademoiselle Rachel had hung on her gilded walls the time-worn guitar of the bare-footed street minstrel. The groundwork of this affecting anecdote is quite true—there *is or was a guitar*, and that guitar occupied a conspicuous and honorable place among the splendid ornaments of Mademoiselle Rachel's boudoir. The celebrated artist had noticed at the house of a friend a guitar of most respectable antiquity, the original color of which had long ago disappeared under the thick black crust with which time had coated it. "Are you much attached to that piece of lumber?" quoth Rachel, to Madame S———, the owner. "Would you mind giving it to me?" "Oh, no, indeed!" was the reply, "I shall be glad to get rid of it." The maid was sent off with the guitar to Rachel's lodgings. A few days after it was the turn of an intimate male friend to notice the instrument, but this time it hung enveloped in a beautiful silk net, through the bright meshes of which its black lack was plainly visible, on the gilded wall of an elegant boudoir. "What in the world have you there?" quoth the visitor. "That," said Rachel, assuming a sentimental attitude, "that is the humble guitar, the faithful companion with which, in the days of my childhood, I earned the scanty pittance bestowed on the poor little street singer."—"Good Heavens! can it be possible! How very interesting! Oh, I beg, I entreat you to let me become the fortunate possessor of that inestimable treasure! To me, to the world, to history, a precious memento—to future generations a priceless legacy!" exclaimed Mr. ———, in the glow of his enthusiasm. "Oh, I can never, *never* consent to part with it." I must have it, at any cost; do not deny me this gift, to be held as a sacred relic; and permit me to offer you as a poor exchange, the set of diamonds and rubies you appeared to admire some days ago at the jeweller's." "Ah, well!" quoth the tragic muse, heaving a deep sigh, "since you will have it, I cannot refuse you." The *historical* instrument obtained so cheaply, at a cost of some 50,000 francs was triumphantly installed in the aristocratic apartment of its new owner, who exhibited it to every caller, narrating its pathetic origin with the emphatic delivery of a showman at a fair. Unfortunately the original possessor happened to have occasion to call on the noble Count, and recognizing the present she had made to Rachel, uttered an exclamation of surprise. An explanation, given without malice prepense, for Madame S———, quite ignorant of the mischief she was doing, destroyed the romance attached to the relic so dearly purchased. Rachel repented too late not having warned her unconscious accomplice. As for the Count, he could not forgive himself for having been so readily the dupe of his own unsuspecting enthusiasm. Some one who heard of this successful little speculation, and somewhat doubted its truth, mentioned the report to Mdlle. Rachel, thinking to hear her give it an indignant denial. But the heroine only laughed, exclaiming:—"Poor ———, how furious he was!"—*Memoirs of Rachel, by Madame de B—.*

CIVIL TO WHITE PEOPLE.—Lord Brougham recently related the following anecdote:

Lord Lyndhurst, gave me, a short time since, an anecdote of a gentleman who was connected with the Hague, and who, on one occasion, received an invitation to the house of a Cuban gentleman, a negro proprietor of a large estate, where he was received with the utmost hospitality and treated elegantly. He said that he was rather entertained when, after dinner was over, his colored host said that he was a man without any prejudice whatever, and that whenever he found a person honest, honorable and respectable in every point of view, he held out the hand of fellowship to him, even though his color was as white as that table-cloth.

## CALIFORNIA NEWS.

More Gold—The Frazer River Mines—Defeat of Col. Steptoe Confirmed, &c.

The Star of the West, from Aspinwall, and the Philadelphia, from Havana, both arrived at New York on the 14th.

The Star of the West had *fourteen hundred thousand dollars* in gold, 250 passengers, and the California mails of the 20th ult.

The defeat of Col. Steptoe is fully confirmed. His troops fell into an ambuscade, and were attacked by large numbers of Indians, and forced to retreat with a loss of seven killed and fifteen wounded. The troops were scarce of ammunition. A general Indian war was expected. Gen. Clad had despatched troops from San Francisco and Los Angelos.

Business at San Francisco during the fortnight was active, with large sales of provisions and refined sugars to arrive. There had been an active demand for mining implements, clothing and fire-arms at advanced prices. Rice and China sugar has materially declined. Adamantine candles and spirits of turpentine were lower. Teas and liquors were dull, and tending downwards. Dry goods were active during the fortnight.

The harvest had already commenced, and quantities of new wheat and barley sent to market.

Breadstuffs were drooping. Large sales of Haxall flour were made at auction at a heavy decline, prices ranging at $11a12 for superfine. Small lots of Haxall, per Stagbound and Golden Eagle, sold at private sale at $14.

The Money market was inactive, but improved towards the close.

The Frazer River gold excitement is increasing, in consequence of the glowing accounts furnished by the miners returned from that region.

The Hudson Bay Company had stationed armed vessels on Frazer River, to prevent emigrants carrying goods into the interior to sell. One American vessel, with merchandise, is reported to have entered the river in spite of the blockade, the English commander not daring to fire upon her.

San Francisco was crowded with people on the way to the Frazer mines, and throughout the State parties are making arrangements for the same purpose. The effect was beginning to be felt in the State. Laborers were scarce, and wages had advanced from 20 to 30 per cent. It is estimated that 8,000 persons have already left for the new diggings. Six steamers have been put on the route, beside ten sailing vessels. Several American newspapers are projected on the English possessions, and one, "The North American," is already announced at Victoria. The steamer Cortes took fifteen hundred passengers for that city, and every berth on the sailing vessels had been taken days in advance.

Much excitement exists in San Luis, Obispo county, and also in Carson Valley, in consequence of numerous robberies and assassinations by organized banditti. In the former place a Vigilance Committee had been formed, and had already hung four of the culprits. In Carson Valley a murderer named Snow was seized and hung by the people. Before his death he made a confession, which led to the capture of seven confederates, who, at the last accounts, were under trial for their lives before a body of citizens.

The Indians in the northern counties were again committing outrages. A United States pack train had been fired upon in Del Norte county. A Mr. Baker was killed and the train captured.

Massacres had been committed on Eel River, and outrages had taken place at various other places.

A general rising of the Indians was indicated.

The ship Carribean, arrived at San Francisco, picked up at sea a disabled Japanese Junk, containing twelve men. They had been floating about in a helpless condition for five months.

Two disastrous fires had occurred in California.

A large portion of the business part of Mariposa was burnt on the 18th of June. The loss is estimated at $220,000.

The Mariposa Fire.—The following, says the Alta California, are the losses by the fire in Mariposa: McNamara & Crippen, $1,500; Peter Van Bever, $3,000; Richard Thomas, $500; Allison & Harrison, $1,800; Pujol & Co., $6,000; Webber & Co., $2,000; Dr. Kavanaugh, $1,000; McVicar & Gregory, $12,000; A. J. Gregory, $4,000; Kraft, (clothing store) $1,000, Masonic Hall, $2,000; Goodman, Hubbell & Co., $16,000; J. A. Henry, $8,000; C. De Forris, $3,000; J. W. Torney, $4,500; Charles Harte & Co., $1,000; J. M. Vanzyke, $2,000; Oppenheim & Co., $4,000; McCredy & Brother $3,000; Cohen, Samuels & Co., $14,000; Leroy Vining, $6,000; John H. Neal & Co., $2,000; Thos Duff $1,000; Henry Wellock $4,000; German Tailor $200; Jordan Gelham, $200; George E. Gardner, $1,200; E. Smith $300; Dr. Grandvenier, $2,000; L. Frankl, $9,500; Wm Phillips, $1,400; S. Wormser, $4,000; Blumenthal & Newcomb, $8,000; John & Dettelbach, $2,500; E. C. Bell, $5,000; MacDermot & Co., $24,000; Wm. Nichols, $1,500; Sullivan & Co., $4,000; Geo. F. Krafft, $1,200; Burke, $500; John Boling, $1,000; J Barnett, $5,000; S. A. Merritt, $4,000; J. B. Conson $2,000; John Mahon $400; Mad. Lavassar, $1,000.

### THE SAN ANDREAS FIRE—LOSS $200,000.

The San Andreas Independent, of the 3rd inst., says that town has been ruined by fire. It gives the following losses:

R. W. Russell, $2,000; Frank Brown, $6,00; E. G. Stevens, $2,000; C. Clark, $600; C. Faville, $1,500; Mrs. G. Leonard, $800; J. Kerns, 800; Wm. Dennis & Co., $800; Jesus Castillo, $400; N. T. Norcross, $600; J. W. Willard, $200; Don Miguel, $800; F. Vanderbweck (National Hotel) $4,000; Captain J. J. Luce, $200; A. Gantz & Co., $12,000; Dr. P. Goodwyn, $500; J. Bennett $800; Dr. H. Austin, $1,500; Mrs Osborne, $1,800; Friedberger & Showalter, $2,000; J. Zwinge & Co., $2,000; E. Morris & Co., $800; E. V. Boynton, $2,000; Wm. Livers, $2,000; Geo. Washburn & Co., $1,500; Oppenheimer & Bro., $2,500; T. Peyser, $3,000; B. Harris $200; B. Crowley, $3,500; Cornwall & Bowman, $3,000; Capt R. Pope, $900; Jas. Harris, $1,000; Gconer Ivinson, $1,000; P. Piper, $3,500; Sullivan & Gallagher $35,000; M. Garry, $4,000; T. Callahan, $5,000; J. Torrens & Co., $3,500; Chambers & Erwine, $300; Hall & Robinson, $2,500; J. B. Wallace, $500; J. Fuller, $400; T. Corcoran, $12,800; D. Corcoran, $1,800; T. McGlinn, $3,200; Aiken & Torrence, $4,000; E. J. Atwell, $600; Wm. Bird, $2,000; Samuel McCurdy, $500; J. G. Gordon, $100; Jas. Lynch, $1,000; J. H. Field, $1,030; Jos. Night, $800; A. R. Young, $700; L. Jacobson, $2,500; See Long, $5,000; Ho Ma, $1,000; Gee Hop, $2,000; Tong Yoo, $1,000; Chong Sow, $3,000; Ty ree, $1,000; Ah Sow, $500; Ah Ki, $1,000.

The losses of the Chinamen amounts to about $50,000. Twenty-three China houses were burnt.

The Frazer River Mines.—A private letter from J. M. Chapman, who left San Francisco some two months since, dated Frazer's River, May 16th:

"We have got into the mines, after a long and tedious journey. We have been digging four days and made $92 between us three. * * We had a hard time coming; lost all our fit out except flour; our canoe capsized in the falls and was broken to pieces. We are doing tolerably well, considering the chances we have here, without a fit out. Six other canoes were capsized and smashed the same day, near the place where we met with our misfortune. Four whites and two Indians belonging to these six canoes were drowned. None of our party sustained any injury beyond the loss of provisions. * * * Provisions are very high here; pork is selling at $1 per pound; flour 50 cents per pound; cooker irons 1 ounce each; picks $6 each, shovels $7 each; tea $4 per pound, and everything else in proportion. If any one could get here with provisions, a fortune might be made on their sale."

Another private letter to a gentleman here says:

"I think I shall do very well as soon as the river falls. I have seen men who have been near the head of the river, who say that they have got out from $20 to $25 per day per man, with the rocker."

H. B. M. steamship Satellite, Capt. Provost, it is said, had received orders to maintain a close blockade of Frazer's River, with a view to prevent the further ascent of trading vessels. Miners and their goods, as well as open boats, were not to be molested, and the free, peaceable navigation of that stream is still extended to them. From whence the order originated we have been unable to learn, but presume it emanated from Gov. Douglas.

Henry Harsel, of Olympia, who, not long since, went up Fraser River, in company with six others, has returned to Bellingham Bay, and reports that he ascended the river to within two and a half miles of Fort Yale, to what is called Hill's Bar. He states that he made the trip from Olympia in a canoe in ten days; that the bar was all taken up by claimants, and that, on account of high water, he could not well go higher up the river with his canoe. He remained three and a half days on the bar; while there he saw one man take out $48 in one day. Three men, with a rocker, took out five and a half ounces in half a day. Mr. Harsel reports the range to be from $5 to $15 per day to each man, and says the old California miners average more than green hands.

Mr. Giddings, formerly of Olympia, who came passenger in the Constitution, is said to have brought up $20,000 in dust.

Another account says:—"I was a day and a half from the mines to the mouth of the river, a distance of 150 miles, which took us seven days to ascend; so you can judge how strong the current runs. When I left, provisions were selling on Sailor's Bar, flour at $100 per barrel; molasses $6 a gallon; bacon $1 a pound; ham $1.25 a pound; sugar $2 a pound, and tea and coffee each $1 a pound. There were no fresh provisions. At Fort Hope there was nothing to be had but dried salmon. At Fort Langley, plenty of black flour at $9 a hundred, and salt salmon four for a dollar.

Frazer River Open to Trade—An American Captain Defying the Hudson's Bay Company.—From a gentleman who has just returned from the Sound, we learn, says the Alta California, that it is now claimed that the great bend of Frazer River comes down below the 49th parallel, and consequently runs through American territory. On this ground an American schooner was carrying freight and passengers up the river in spite of the proclamation which was read to the captain each trip, he claiming his right to navigate, on the ground that the river ran through American territory. The boats of the Satellite could not stop her.

The Gold.—The Pacific brought down, among others, two miners, who had $6,000 between them, one of whom said his last day's work amounted to $144. The water in the river was at a high mark. As an evidence of the transit over the trail, it may be remarked that none of those who went up have returned, which would indicate that they had got through.

The reports from everybody who returned from the river, either to trade or to come down to San Francisco, was that gold was there in abundance. It was on the Sound that the Hudson Bay Company had given a contract to a company for the exclusive steam navigation of Frazer River.

We have been informed, since the above was written, that the schooner alluded to was the Matthew Vassar, Captain Dodge, who had upwards of one hundred miners on board. As he entered the river, it is reported that the Satellite overhauled her, when Captain Dodge informed the officer that he was going up the river to the American side, and that they could not stop him. They might fire into him, and sink the schooner and all hands, but he was going up. He then bore away and passed on without further molestation.

Sale of the Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Canal.—The Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company have resold the Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Canal to a company of ten or twelve of our leading capitalists, namely, J. V. Williamson, A. S. & G. Roberts, A. G. Fell, E. W. Clarke & Co., Wm. Longstreth, the Messrs. Borie, Charles Henry Fisher, Judge Hepburne, Ephraim Marsh, of New Jersey, and some others. Included in the list are five Presidents of banks, railroads and canal. The persons named are of unquestionable means, and wholly unexceptionable as purchasers on the score of ability and probity of character. The price stipulated to be paid is one million seven hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, payable as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Mortgage bonds, at 6 per cent. | $1,200,000 |
| Preferred 8 per cent stock | 100,000 |
| Ten monthly payments of $40,000 secured by collateral | 400,000 |
| Cash on execution of the papers | 75,000 |
| | $1,775,000 |

This bargain was approved by the Governor, and is, of course, complete. The cash payment of $75,000 was made, and the purchasers organized into a company, under the title of the Delaware Division of Pennsylvania Canal Company, and elected Jay Cook, Esq., President. The Lehigh Navigation Company *state* that they offered previously to the sale $2,000,000 for the canal, and the offer was declined. This, however, is denied.

In Favor of Fat Meat.—Dr. Dixon, in a late number of the Scalpel, in an article on "Diet," assumes that the "use of oil would decrease the victims of consumption nine-tenths, and this is the whole secret of the use of cod liver oil." The following is a summary of observations on this subject, made by Dr. Hooker:

1. Of all the persons between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two years, more than one-fifth cannot eat fat meat.

2. Of persons at the age of forty-five, all excepting less than one in fifty habitually use fat meat.

3. Of persons who, between ages of fifteen and twenty-two, avoid fat meat, a few acquire an appetite for it, and live to a good old age, while the greater portion die with phthisic before thirty-five.

4. Of persons dying with phthisic between the ages of twelve and forty-five, nine-tenths, at least, have never used fat meat.

Most individuals who avoid fat meat also use little butter or oily gravies, though many compensate for this want, in part at least, by a free use of those articles, and also milk, eggs and saccharine substances. But they constitute an imperfect substitute for fat meat, without which, sooner or later, the body is almost sure to show the effects of deficient calorification.

Pic-Nic Romance.—An amusing and romantic event occurred at a German pic-nic in Westfield a few days ago. A cigar maker, says the Republican, had long sought the hand of one of the daughters of Westfield, but met with continuous disappointment. It happened that both were at the pic-nic, and, amid the other pleasures, some one suggested, in sport, that "we have a wedding." The lady unsuspectingly turned to her oft-discarded lover with a jocose invitation to join hands, and a magistrate, who also fills the office of town clerk, performed his duty less in fun than the bride had imagined, as was apparent when the husband came with a properly made out certificate to claim her hand. It is said that there was a brief exhibition of tears, a very modest lingering between maiden and wife, and then a hearty acceptance of the hand that had been so gallantly but unceremoniously won. The bridal pair entertained their friends that night with champagne and good things, and there was a bridal tour over into the West Parish next day.—*Worcester Transcript.*

Heavy Damages.—John A. Moore, of the "Fashion" line of steamboats, has recovered $29,992 from the South Carolina Railroad, for obstructing the Savannah river, by erecting a railroad bridge.

## THE COLLEGE OF SPIRITS IN PARIS.

We learn from a Parisian journal, from whose columns we translate the subjoined statements, that Mr. D. D. Hume, the famous spirit-rapper, is to marry, on the 19th of this month, at St. Petersburgh, Mademoiselle Kroll, sister-in-law of the rich and magnificent Count Kouchelf-Besborodko, who will give his sister-in-law a dowry worth the magnificence of a Potemkin. They speak of a million of roubles, and of lots of presents endowed with extraordinary qualities of spirituality.

Count Kouchelef, Hume, and Alexander Dumas, who accompanies them, and who will be Hume's witness, have left Paris for Russia. They are to embark at Stettin; thence they go to St. Petersburgh. There Dumas will leave Hume and go to Toscow; he will visit in succession Tiflis and Shamyl, Sebastopol, Odessa, Constantinople, and Harol. Then he is to return to Paris, to embark at Mevre for Greece in the sail and screw yacht which M. Mazoline is at present building for him.

While Alexander Dumas is thus going round the world, Hume will return to Paris with his wife and the dowry, and they say that after the examples of Mesmer and Cariio-tro, he is going to found at Paris a grand establishment of supernatural communications—a sort of Spiritualistic Exchange.

To this establishment there will be joined a school of *Fluidism*, where the rich will be initiated in that great mystery—requiring a sacrifice proportioned to their wealth. This school will be divided into three classes. The first will be a sort of gymnasium, purely mechanical, where will be shown the methods of disengaging the fluid by exercises at once physical and intellectual. Everybody possesses the spiritual fluid, and if some appear to be without it, it is because they do not know how to produce its disencagement. Hume said as much to us not long ago; and to make himself understood he added the following explanation:

"Here is a cake of resin. This cake contains a great quantity of electricity. But this electricity does not manifest itself—it produces no phenomena—it sleeps. To awaken it I take this catskin and strike the cake of resin, and the electricity manifests its presence in a lively manner."

The first class of the school of fluids will be that in which they will operate on the natures possessing latent fluid, as they operate upon the resin with the catskin; accordingly we call this the catskin class.

In the second class, the fluid being developed, awakened and active, they will show how to direct it by faith and by will. It is not sufficient to have the fluid—it must also be known how to use it.

The mode of using it is, then, what they will teach in the second class. In leaving this class, the adepts will know how to turn tables, to summon spirits, to question them, to receive answers, and, in fact, to place themselves in communication with the other world. This is the class of Reception.

But when this is known, all is not yet done. This is only to be in communication with the spiritual world—it remains yet to learn how to profit by these communications. They must not be regarded as useless play, as a series of curious but unfruitful experiments. We must learn all that the spirits know more than we do; we must use them to elevate ourselves, to make us better, richer, and more powerful.

That is what will be learned in the third class.

Well-informed persons pretend that, before returning to Paris, Hume will pass through Holstein, where he will visit, in the cave whither he has retired, the celebrated Count of Saint Germain, from whom he expects to obtain—for the spirits have promised it him—twenty-seven of the fourteen thousand seven hundred secrets which the immortal Count carries in his bosom.

These twenty-seven secrets—the most important of the ancient Egyptian Cabala, and which are to restore to us the mysteries of Isis and Anubis—these twenty-seven secrets, together with the four that Hume already knows, are to form a total, of superhuman knowledge which will make the happy initiated equal in power, beauty, longevity, wealth, happiness and knowledge with the inhabitants of the planets of the third order. The earth, it is well known, is only a poor planet of the forty-fourth order.

The third class will be called the class of Results.

We are informed that while M. Hume will open his school of Fluidism for men, and will make the living talk with the dead, Madame Hume, on her side, will direct a similar school for females.

The number of pupils can never exceed sixty on the part of the males, and sixty on the part of the females. Each class will be composed of thirty persons.

It is pretended that a company, composed of some very wealthy Russians and some Frenchmen, is formed for the establishment of these institutions, and that they are now negotiating for the purchase of the lands of the Hotel d'Osmont in Paris.

When these two schools are finally opened Paris will be really the capital of the world. The plans are already in preparation. Two temples are spoken of, of the Egyptian order, connected by a gallery, in the centre of which, beneath a circular pavilion, surmounted by a cupola, will be placed a large circular table, around which eighty-two persons of both sexes, in alternate order, can be seated.—These eighty-two persons will be Mr. and Madame Hume, forty male pupils and forty female pupils. The scholars of the first class cannot assist in turning the sacred table.

The table being set in motion, the spirits evoked, and the mysteries prepared, the twenty men and twenty women of the second class will retire, and it is only for the initiated of the third class that the miracles will take place, and the eyes of the mind be opened.

[The above, translated from a Parisian journal by the New York Tribune, is evidently a *canard* of the first water—intended to ridicule our Spiritualist friends.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

Drop of Water in a Queer Place.—We were shown, while attending the annual examination of Union Academy, at Pleasant Ridge, by Dr. E. F. Bouchelle, one of the most interesting Geological curiosities we ever saw or read of. It consists of a specimen of rock of the primitive order of formation, and of the pentadral order of crystillization, containing in its centre a globule of water moveable and visible. The water is, if there be any truth in geology, one of the oldest drops of water of the universe, far more ancient than the waters in the flood of Noah. To use the language of Dr. Bouchelle, "it is a drop of the waters that covered in darkness the face of the great deep, when the earth was without form and void; in other words, this little drop is a portion of the first water that was created during the six days of Genesis, and became entangled among the particles of the rock during the act or process of crystallization. The rock being primitive, or the first of creation, the water must also be primitive." Any person wishing to see this geological wonder, can do so by calling on the Doctor.—*Enfaw (Ala.) Observer.*

Two-Headed Girl.—They have a two-headed girl in Louisville, Ky. From the description given by the papers of that city, she must be a young lady capable of getting up a private party on her own individual resources. A late number of the Louisville Democrat says:

"She is the embodiment of all that is extraordinary and strange, having two finely-formed heads, very intelligent, and of a most lively and amiable disposition. She sings prettily, and with both mouths, talks and walks well, and always interests her visitors to a great degree. There is no chance of a doubt but that she is the greatest curiosity ever witnessed, and should be seen by *everybody*."

[From the Buffalo Commercial, June 29.]

## THE POTATO ROT.

Its Alleged Cause and Cure—Mr. Henderson's Discoveries.

Ever since the disease known as potato rot first appeared, various hypotheses have been offered as to its cause and cure. A malady attacking an esculent so important, and forming so large a portion of our daily food, was at once recognized as a national disaster, and researches of scientific men were directed to its study. Up to the present time no satisfactory theory has been promulgated. In giving publicity to that which we are now about to notice, we shall confine ourselves mostly to what has been done by actual experiment, and to the legitimate conclusions which inductive reasoning from those experiments affords. Our personal knowledge is confined to the following facts:—

On the morning of the 24th of June, Mr. Alexander Henderson, of this city, left at our office a glass jar, containing a sound and healthy potato plant, covered in by a perforated paper so as to afford air. He had placed it there at 7 A. M., and with it were confined some six or eight insects, which Mr. H. believe to be the source of the potato rot. The insect itself we cannot describe scientifically. It is about half the size of the common house fly, of a brownish color, has six legs, two pairs of light diaphanous wings, two antennæ, and a long, strong proboscis. Mr. H. thinks it is the Phytocoris, but is not positive as to that. At the end of twenty-four hours the plant was evidently diseased. The insect was actively engaged upon its various portions, which became brown and mouldy in the leaf, while the stalks, in the course of two or three days, suffered a putrescent change, until, on the 28th some of them fell over by their own weight, the stalk being swollen and softened, in some places quite to a jelly of a sickly green color. This process, Mr. Henderson informs us, takes place uniformly, but most rapidly when the plant is freely watered and exposed to sun and air, as the specimen exposed was not. To all external appearance, the disease was identical with the ordinary potato rot as it attacks the vines. Some pieces of early (this year's) potatoes, placed in the jar were also plainly attacked by the rot during the four days of exposure.

Mr. Henderson states that he has been engaged in this research since 1845; that in 1850 he discovered the bug on the vines, but thought it was confined to them. During the last year he has found it on the tubers, and watched its effects upon them. It appears on the vines in from two and-a-half to three months after planting, according to soil and manure, a richly manured soil producing the perfect insect sooner.

The natural history of the insect begins with the development of the egg. This is invisible to the naked eye, but can be seen with the aid of a lens, agglutinated to the skin of the potato. It is of an oblong form, and is planted with the seed potato. The egg may be hatched in a warm, moist place. The entire period of development is not settled. Mr. H. exposed a plant to the insect, under proper precautions, and from the time of the exposure to the time the young insect of the next generation obtained his wings was three months. The process of reproduction has been ingeniously watched by Mr. Henderson. The egg planted with the seed potato is hatched, and the young insect stays in the ground until he gets wings. In the meantime he is engaged in stinging the tubers, each perforation poisoning the root and begetting the rot. While yet in the ground, and as early as the tenth day of existence, the young insects cohabit, and from the great rapidity with which they propagate, Mr. H. argues that the egg is deposited before the first emergence from the ground, although in case of cold, wet weather, the insect sometimes leaves the vines and returns to the tuber. Only a few days are required for the entire destruction of the vine. The insect is remarkably industrious, but the destruction of the vines does not affect the tuber except to stop its growth.

Mr. Henderson finds a ready explanation for the greater healthfulness of the potato in sandy soil. He finds that the grains of sand greatly annoy and cripple the insect, and as the light soil is heaved up by the growth of the root, the sand imparts or falls down, preventing the access of the fly. In a stiff soil the insect readily leaves the ground through the cracks opened by the growth of the tuber, and having stung it, comes to the surface and attacks the vine, especially after heavy showers. During the past winter Mr. Henderson has had thousands of the young insects hatched under glass, and to try their power of mischief, has experimented with bugs only a quarter grown. The plants exposed showed unmistakable signs of disease on the fourth day.

These statements we regard as important. So much is evident: Mr. Henderson, by means of this insect, produced potato rot at will. When a healthy plant is shown us, the insect applied, and the rot follows in four days with unerring certainty, there is good reason to suppose that the problem has been solved.

As to cure, Mr. Henderson thinks there is no serious difficulty. If we put a stop to the planting of the eggs with the seed potato, we stop the propagation of the insect. The egg being invisible, any means applied should be thorough, and reach the whole surface of the root. Mr. Henderson states that by sprinkling quicklime over the potato as it is cut for planting, the moisture will dissolve the lime and bathe the tubers in a caustic alkali which will destroy the egg. At this time of the year the ravages of the insect may be prevented by packing the earth around the tuber firmly with the foot, which will smother the insect. We may add that it is probably the same insect which has recently attacked the grapevines.

Since writing the above, we have found one of the insects in our jar, which had deserted the now rotten vines, at work underground upon a sound young potato.

Astronomical.—Professor Nichol, the eminent British astronomer, has lately advanced some interesting astronomical theories. According to Prof. N., the opinion which has been so generally held, that the zodiacal light proceeds from a nebulous ring around the sun, is premature—the appearance coming, in fact, from a great nebulous ring surrounding the earth. The appearance is also of such a character as to necessitate the conclusion that there is not one ring only, but perhaps several. Its distance is about 100,000 miles, its breadth 52,000! its depth is not yet known; the mass of matter in it must be enormous, and there is every reason for believing that it fulfils some important functions in regard to the earth and the solar system.

The composition of Saturn's rings is another point in modern astronomical discussion to which Prof. Nichol has directed some of his most learned investigations. From the dynamical conclusions of Laplace, combined with the changes ascertained, the inference is drawn that the rings have no coherence—that they are neither vapor nor fluid, but are composed of millions of asteroids circulating round the planet, the bright parts being where they are most thickly strewed, and the dark lines indicating the absence of them. There is a faint slaty colored ring seen within the others, and which appears to be gradually approaching the planet. It has approached at the rate of fifty miles a year—latterly at about eighty miles a year—and if it increases to one hundred miles a year, it will reach the planet itself in one hundred and eighty years.

The Washington Union says that Governor Denver has no intention of resigning his office. It is also intimated that his conduct has been entirely satisfactory to the Administration.

## PHYSIOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

Dr. Brown Sequard, a *savant* of the first order, has concluded, before the London Royal College of Surgeons, a course of six lectures on the physiology and pathology of the central nervous system. In one of his recent lectures he stated that he found a spot in the brain—the point of the "pen" of the *calamus scriptorius*—not larger than the head of a pin, which, if touched, is sudden death, as instant as lightning. M Brown Sequard is well known for laborious researches on the phenomena of the nervous system, in which he has made remarkable discoveries, especially as to the effect of incisions. In one of his lectures, he exhibited guinea-pigs which had been experimented on some months ago by cutting certain nerves; the hinder limbs became paralysed, but in time the animals recovered the power of voluntary motion, attended, however, with a very curious result—the operator could put them into a fit of epilepsy whenever he pleased. It appears that by the cutting of the nerves, the animals lose sensation except in one cheek, and if that spot be irritated, a fit is the immediate consequence. Another noticeable particular is, that the lice which infest the animals congregate on that spot, and nowhere else. Whether it be that there is more warmth, or more perspiration than on other parts of the body, is not known; at anyrate, physiologists are agreed as to the singular and suggestive nature of the phenomenon. It appears, moreover, that if the sensibility of the sensitive spot be destroyed, then the guinea-pig ceases to be liable to epilepsy. Applying this fact to human physiology, M. Brown Sequard says that there is in the human body a spot, discoverable, as he believes, by galvanism, which, if deprived of its sensibility, would in like manner completely prevent attacks of epilepsy. These are important facts, which, while they lead to a hope that a distressing disease may be abated or altogether removed from the list of diseases, teach us that we have yet very much to learn concerning the economy of the nervous system. If M. Brown Sequard's conclusions can be successfully worked out and applied, he will deserve a monument not less than Jenner, to whom tardy justice has at length been done by a commemorative statue among the warriors in Trafalgar Square.

Union Opposition Convention in Pennsylvania.—The Opposition State Convention met on the 14th at Harrisburg, Judge Jessup being chosen temporary Chairman, and A. H. Reeder permanent President. On the first ballot for a candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, Oswald Thompson received 24 votes, and John M. Read 25; and on the second ballot, Thompson 25, Read 32. On the third ballot, Thompson 21, Read 36, Pearson 29, Jones 20. On the tenth ballot, Read 65, Pearson 40, Jones 18. Mr. Read, having received three votes more than were necessary for a choice, was declared the nominee, and, on motion, the nomination was made unanimous. William E. Frazer received the nomination for Canal Commissioner by a large majority. A resolution was adopted, authorizing the Chairman to appoint a State Committee of one from each Senatorial district.

The following were the most important resolutions adopted:—

This Convention, representing the freemen of Pennsylvania, who are opposed to the leading measures of the national administration, most especially those which seek to stifle the voice, and ignore the rights of a large majority of the citizens of Kansas; and those which have prostrated the industry of the country, and are fast driving our government into national bankruptcy, do hereby declare and resolve:

1. That the federal constitution, the sovereign rights, and union of the States, and the liberties of the people, must and shall be preserved.

2. That we protest against the Kansas policy of the national administration, as at war with the rights of the people, and subversive of the principles of our government.

4. That the purity and safety of the ballot-box are to be preserved at all hazards, and that all frauds upon the naturalization laws, which have been so much resorted to, to promote the success of the party we oppose, ought to be counteracted by wholesome and proper legislation.

5. That the national administration, during all the late long sessions of Congress, evinced an entire disregard of the great industrial interests of the country, and indulged in a most wasteful and lavish expenditure of the public money.

6. That the revenue necessary for a judicious and economical administration of the government, should be raised by the imposition of duties upon foreign imports, and in laying them such discriminating protection should be given as will secure the rights of free labor and American industry.

7. That this convention does most heartily approve of and endorse the course pursued by our able and distinguished Senator in Congress, the Hon. Simon Cameron, as well as that of those representatives from this State, who have steadfastly opposed the tyrannical policy of the national administration in their attempts to impose upon the people of Kansas, by fraud and force, a slavery constitution, in opposition to the known and oft expressed sentiment of the freemen of the territory.

10. That we approve of the enactment of proper laws to protect us from the introduction of foreign criminals in our midst, by returning them at once to places from whence they have been shipped to our shores.

Extraordinary Scene at Tuam, Ireland.—Thursday, the 3d inst., having been the festival of Corpus Christi, great numbers were to be seen entering Tuam, to witness the usual procession of the "Host." About one o'clock the procession appeared. The host was carried by Dr. M'Hale, under an ornamented canopy, borne by four ecclesiastics, surrounded by a few priests, in rich vestments, preceded and followed by trains of nuns and young girls. When the procession approached the leading entrance, accompanied by a large crowd of persons, with hats off, it was met by the Rev. C. H. Seymour, holding a Testament in his hand, who, when the procession drew near the gate, advanced toward Dr. M'Hale and said, "I am the minister of Jesus Christ in Tuam, and as such I do solemnly protest against this idolatrous ceremony, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

"I do also declare that 'God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth,' and that every one who is a sharer in this idolatrous ceremony is guilty of a sin which will keep him from the kingdom of Heaven." On this an official said, "This is the Ark of the Covenant;" and another, "We have Jesus Christ here." Mr. Seymour replied, "Jesus Christ is in Heaven, at the right hand of God, and not there; and it is idolatry to worship God under an image." An attempt was now made to close the gate by an order of some one in the crowd. This order was afterward countermanded and the gate thrown open. When the procession returned toward the chapel, an animated conversation took place between Mr. Seymour and some of the people, while others hooted. Soon after Mr. Seymour left, without having been molested by the crowd.—*Irish Paper.*

A Rich Letter.—A resident of Syracuse, New York, whose wife had left him, and gone West for the purpose of obtaining a divorce, was desirous of ascertaining when the divorce was obtained, and wrote to several county clerks to inquire whether the divorce was granted in their counties. The following is a copy of one of the replies: "Nencer, Indiana, Jan. 18, '58. *Dear Sir:* There has not been an application for divorce in the name of ——— in our court, but I think we have divorced one-half of the citizens of your State, and if we have good luck, we will, I guess, finish your State and Massachusetts in a few more years. Yours, ———."

## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

### FAILURE SO FAR.

The Alice Munroe, at Boston, on the 16th, at sea, June 27th, lat. 52 deg., 5 min. north, long. 33 deg. 15 min., west wind, weather hazy, saw two ships heading eastward. On looking with the glass, found them to be the United States frigate Niagara, and the Gorgon, of the Telegraph Squadron. Tacked ship and stood towards them, were boarded by Cyrus W. Field, Esq., and a Lieutenant, from the Niagara, and received from them the following statements:

STATEMENT OF MR. FIELD.

The squadron experienced very bad weather from the period of starting, and was sixteen days in reaching the point of destination.

Two unsuccessful attempts were made to lay the cable. The second attempt was made on the 26th, the day previous. Upwards of forty miles of the cable were laid, and the ship was going along finely, when communication ceased, the cable having probably broken on the Agamemnon.

On the 27th, the ships returned to the starting point, to await the return of the Agamemnon and Valorous. A splice will then be made, and the laying of the cable again proceeded with.

Mr. Field was in good spirits, and thought they would yet succeed in laying the cable. The stormy weather had interfered much with the success of the enterprise.

One of the ships had sustained slight damage. One sailor had a leg broken, another an arm. All were well on board the Niagara. Her machinery worked finely, and the ship admirably performed its share of the important duty.

The Alice Munroe lost sight of the Niagara at half-past three on the afternoon of the 27th. The weather since has been foggy and unsettled.

The squadron did not probably meet before the 28th.

Steam Engines in the Cotton Field—A Monkey Experiment.—Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., says the Boston Journal, have received the following letter from one of the *Louisiana* subscribers to The Atlantic Monthly. The monkey experiment is decidedly rich:

———, June 24, 1858.

*Messrs. Phillips, Thompson & Co.—Gentlemen:*—In an article headed "What we are going to make," in the last No. of your Magazine, the writer thinks that the Millenium for niggers is to be brought about by steam, on the ground that a bushil of coal fed to a steam engin will produce more power than a bushil of Injin corn fed to a nigger, and that the great improvement that is to take place in these engins in 50 or 100 years will enable us to navigate our corn fields, and plow as much cotton, with one critter of this sort, in the same length of time, and at a less expense, than with 10 niggers; consequently, we will free the niggers as a nusence, and take the engin instead. Now jest grant that what he says about plowin by steem should turn out true—and cotton could be grow'd in this way—I gest want to ask him one question—When it comes to *pickin out*, whar is his steem engin then? It takes *fingers* to du this sort of work, and no steem engin will ever be maid to strike a lick like them. If we ever du plow by steem, which I won't deny mought be done, we'l turn our niggers into pickers—make more cotton and sell at a less price. He is whot might be called a speculative genius, like a feller who lives not far from here; he thought he'd make an improvement in *picking*, and then monkeys would be the very article. One monkey would pick as much as a nigger, and one nigger could oversee 10 monkeys. The monkeys was got and the trial maid; the only mistake about it was, instead of one nigger managing 10 monkeys, it took 10 niggers to manage one monkey; so he has giv up expeerimentin and sticks to the old way of gatherin his crop. Some one says that every man is crasy on some subject. Your man is crasy on steem, but its not exactly the *right* sort to *elevate the Ideas*. Tell him to fire up and try agin. You will excuse for saying that I think some of your articles is rather too hifalutin on abotchen subjects. Respectfully, A Subscriber.

P. S.—Tell your breakfast-table man to *go ahead*—he's one of em.

Fishes Travelling by Land.—Dr. Hancock, in the Zoological Journal, gives a description of a fish called the flat-head bassar, that travels to pools of water when that in which it has resided dries up. Bose also describes another variety which is found in South Carolina, and, if our memory serves us well, also in Texas, which, like the flat-head, leaves the drying pools in search of others. These fishes, filled with water, travel by night, one with a lizard-like motion, and the other by leaps. The South Carolina and Texas varieties are furnished with a membrane over the mouth by which they are enabled to carry with them a supply of water to keep their gills moist during their travel. These fishes, guided by some peculiar sense, always travel in a straight line to the nearest water. This they do without the aid of memory, for it has been found that if a tub filled with water is sunk in the ground near one of these pools which they inhabit, they will, when the pool dries up, move directly toward the tub. Surely this is a wonderful and merciful provision for the preservation of these kind of fishes, for, inhabiting, as they do, only stagnant pools, and that, too, in countries subject to long and periodical droughts, their races would, but for this provision, become extinct.

Confessed.—Porter, the defaulter of the Sunday School Union, has made, as we learn from the Boston Journal, a confession, which is to be published. His temptation began with the mulberry and silkworm speculations, nineteen years ago, and, under the garb of religion, he has for that long time carried on his dishonest plans. He allows that at the start he knew it was wrong, but he hoped to be able to meet the notes as they matured; but as he was unable to do so, he was compelled to renew his notes, and pay a heavy bonus. He defrauded the Society out of over $80,000; but the Philadelphia broker who aided him in the dishonest gain, promptly paid all the notes that his name was on, and the loss was lessened nearly $40,000. Mr. P. confesses that in the nineteen years of fraud, he has used the name of the Society to the large amount of $600,000, by renewals and re-issues.

Singular Case of Divorce.—A suit for divorce is now pending in the Ohio Courts, between a man and his wife; who are said to have lived very happily together for a year, at the close of which a child was born, and became the cause of the domestic difficulty that will end in their separation, the dissention being about an innocent name given to an innocent infant. The latter intimated to her husband that she would like to have the child called Athol. At this the liege lord objected, remembering one of her "flames" before marriage; she urged; he refused; she wept; he grew obstinate, and said she need not hope to shake his resolution by her tears—he was marble when a principle was involved. She intimated that there was a remedy to which she would not object; he comprehended her meaning, and hence an application for divorce.

Artesian Wells.—The attempt to born an artesian well at Columbia, Ohio, seems likely to be a failure. On the 6th inst. the shaft had penetrated to the depth of 1,706 feet. Fifty feet more will complete the last contract between the State House Commissioners and the parties who are performing the work. The limestone stratum seems to eclipse by far anything of the kind ever before heard of in the geology of the country, as the shaft has already been sunk into it upwards of one thousand feet, and the future alone can tell how much deeper it must be sunk to reach the other side. At this immense depth, should the shaft strike a sandstone vein, the danger of a smash up would be imminent.

## "SILLY WOMEN."

In the Woodman case at New Orleans and the Blount case at New York, new facts are continually elicited, showing more infamy on the part of the seducers, and more folly on the part of the women, than has been before supposed. Several silly letters from Mrs. Blount and Mrs. Woodman have been published, which have not before seen the light, and they afford melancholy evidence of the infatuation and folly of which educated women in the highest ranks of society can become the victims.

Mrs. Blount is described as a lady of not more than thirty-six years of age, and of prepossessing appearance, of refined and courteous manners. Miss Blount is still kept out of sight.

On Thursday week, while the dashing French mulatto, Riviere, was flourishing with his associates at the Hoboken Hotel, a bill was presented to him from a hotel in Williamsburg, for $226 for board for himself and wife last summer. The noble captain looked at it coolly, and then left by a side-door, absenting himself till the collector became tired and left.—The woman who was with him at Williamsburg, came over in the vessel from Europe with him, remained at Williamsburg six weeks after he left there, and then went back to Europe. Mr. Goodnow, the Williamsburg landlord, states that while residing at his house, they represented themselves as man and wife, and that Captain Riviere has often stated to him and to his son, the particulars of his marriage in France—giving dates, locality, &c.—While they were residing at his house, a rumor got into circulation that the woman living with Capt. De Riviere was his mistress, and not his wife; that De Riviere, on hearing it, became greatly enraged, and threatened to shoot any man who should repeat it.

The case of Mrs. Woodman, at New Orleans, which has been in court several months, is drawing to a close. New letters have been put in from her to her seducer, showing her devoted affection to him, notwithstanding the fact that he had repeatedly beaten her in a brutal manner and extorted money in large sums from her. Blessed with a devoted and rich husband, Mrs. Woodman appears to have taken a delight in abusing not only these advantages, but also the rarer blessings of personal beauty and a good intellect. In Paris, in Boston, in New York, and New Orleans, wherever the wealth of her husband had been able to send her, she trifled publicly with her reputation and her honor. Meeting with one of those "ladies' men" who frequent large hotels at fashionable places, she became the victim of his arts, and pandered to all the base and ignoble desires of his nature. He dishonored her, he beat her, he made her give him money, he insulted her in company, he robbed her of her jewels, he made boasts of her impropriety, and yet she continued to receive him. Will these things be believed, although she tells them herself? Verily a woman gone astray is one of the monstrosities of creation!

PUTTING KANSAS KNOWLEDGE TO SOME USE.—There is a law in the Old Dominion by which the creditor can lock up in jail any poor editor who happens to be in that peculiarly editorial condition courteously denominated "short of change." It is said that a particularly lean knight of the quill, living in one of the southwestern counties, was arrested a short time ago by a physician to whom he owed a balance on account. The jail is rather a primitive affair, not very well "chinked," and immediately adjoining the sleeping apartment of the jailer and his wife. The guilty man naturally asked permission to carry in his papers, scissors and pen that he might prepare some "copy" for a future day. Among his documents he fortunately took with him a long speech on the Kansas question. About 9 o'clock in the evening he placed himself in the attitude of a senator, and repeated, in a loud and husky voice, and with great deliberation, the entire document. The jailer and his family, who had never been used to such exhibitions, were horrified, and kept awake all night. The editor slept a portion of the next day to recruit his strength and lungs, and in the evening began to deliver to the inked walls the same "summing-up" which he had pronounced twenty-four hours before. He had uttered but a few paragraphs when the jailer appeared and politely requested him to lower his voice. In answer, he assured the guardian of the public morals that he expected to go to Congress in a few years, and was in the habit of reading one of these efforts every evening to his family "to keep himself in practice."

"And do you mean to read that speech every night in my hearing?"

"I do, sir!"

"How much do you owe that doctor?"

"Thirteen dollars, sir!" (with Congressional emphasis).

"Will you refrain from keeping my family awake until I can make out the papers necessary for your discharge?"

"I will, sir!"

In a short time the jailer returned, and assuring him he had paid his debt, requested him to give his note, payable in six months, and then, as an especial favor, to depart from his premises. The editor went on his way rejoicing, and the jailer will, no doubt, at the end of six months, renew the note, rather than accept the alternative of harboring a prospective Congressman on his premises.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

DICKENS AND HIS WIFE.—The London correspondent of the Springfield Republican, writing on the 20th of June, gives the following explanation of the incompatibility between Dickens and his wife:

"In the literary world very little is stirring, except the gossip on the domestic affairs of Charles Dickens. Probably his explanatory letter, published a month ago, and full of mysterious allusions, has excited as much curiosity in America as here. The facts dimly alluded to are these: About twenty-two years ago, Mr. Dickens, then a clerk, married a very pretty and amiable young girl, whose parents opposed the match, as far beneath her, and took her home to obscure lodgings in Furnival's Inn. For some years they lived very happily together; but Mr. Dickens, having become a great man, flattered and courted, finds that his domestic felicity is not as great as could be desired.

"Two or three years ago, he gave a dinner to his literary friends on the anniversary of his wedding day, and in proposing his wife's health, stated that he had never seen a shade of ill temper over her in his life. This equability of disposition does not satisfy him. She is not intellectual. He reads his works to her, and she, absorbed in needle-work, inquires abstractedly what he means by some of his most brilliant passages. In short, she is not a companion to him, so the brilliant novelist and actor separates on the ground of "incompatibility," from her whom he vowed before God to love and to cherish, and from henceforth their lives have separate ends. The oldest child, a youth of 21, has chosen to follow the fortunes of his mother, while the daughters remain with their father. To make the affair still more notorious, a young lady, Mrs. Dickens's sister, has undertaken to 'keep house' for Mr. Dickens and his daughters. The whole affair is very repugnant to our ideas of matrimonial constancy, and has not enlarged the circle of Mr. Dickens's admirers."

A FULL account of the burial of Dr. Mitchell on the summit of Mount Mitchell, in North Carolina, (the highest point of land in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains) is given in the Raleigh Register. Dr. M. lost his life, it will be recollected, while engaged in measuring and surveying the mountain on which his remains now repose. The funeral was attended by the most distinguished men in the State, and the ceremonies were very impressive.

LIFE'S UNCERTAIN FUTURE.—About thirty years ago, so refers the Louisville Journal to this unhappy quarrel, when Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer was a bridegroom, and the present Lady Bulwer his bride, that exquisite poetess, "L. E. L." wrote and published an account of their characters and personal appearance. They were both quite young, and each of them was in delicate health. The bridegroom was described as pale and fascinating, and the bride was painted as a fragile and fairy like creature of surpassing loveliness. The tender tints of her cheek were said to be "like rose leaves crushed on ivory." The description was read everywhere, and the public admiration and the public sympathy were deeply excited for the charming young pair, who, it was thought, must soon pass away from a world too coarse and rude for such gentle and lovely natures as theirs.

Little dreamed the reader then, that, after a very few years, the gentle bridegroom would strike the tender bride; that she would seek redress by publishing a series of coarse, fierce and vituperative novels and pamphlets against him; and that after a few more years, she, grown to a sturdy, reduced and muscular woman, would pursue him in his canvass for Parliament, take her stand upon the hustings in reply to his public speeches, call upon him to confront her, shout "coward" at him in his precipitate flight from her presence, and announce her determination to persecute him till he should cry for mercy, and humbly make her amends for all his villainies.

KISSES MORE PRECIOUS THAN JEWELS.—A night or two ago, a fair, sweet girl, residing on Race, near Fourth street, was partially awakened from her slumbers by a man in her chamber, but not fully aroused she lay with closed lips for a minute, when, the sound being repeated, she started up and saw by the light of the little jet upon the gas burner, a man's form disappearing through the window. She screamed involuntarily, and her father, armed with a revolver, was in her room in a few moments, greatly agitated and alarmed.

The parent was disposed to think his daughter had been dreaming, when, in looking around he observed upon his daughter's dressing bureau, where a beautiful enameled watch, a pair of heavy bracelets, a diamond ring, and a necklace were lying, a slip of paper, on which was written:

FAIREST, DEAREST GIRL:—I came here to rob, but your beauty made me honest for the time. I saw these jewels, but believing them yours, I could not take them. I have stolen what I value more—three delicious kisses from your unconscious lips. Do not be offended, they were gentle and innocent.

AN UNKNOWN LOVER.

This story sounds romantic, but we are assured upon the best authority that it is strictly veracious, and we publish it as an evidence that the age of gallantry and sentiment is not at an end; that the race of Rinaldo Rinaldino is not extinct.—*New Orleans Delta.*

☞ An insult is very humiliating to him who utters it, when it does not succeed in humiliating the person at whom it is directed.

☞ Riches are the baggage of virtue; they cannot be spared nor left behind, but they hinder the march.—*Bacon.*

☞ Make no man your idol; for the best man must have faults, and his faults will naturally become yours, in addition to your own. This is as true in art as in morals.

☞ The Devil's heartiest laugh is at a distracting witticism. Hence the phrase, "dev'lish good," has sometimes a literal meaning.

## THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| LOANS. | | |
| U S 6 pr ct | | |
| " " '62 | | — |
| " " '67 | | — |
| " " '68 | | — |
| " 5 " '65 | | — |
| Phila 6 pr ct | 101 | 103 |
| " new | 101½ | 101½ |
| " 5 " | 98 | 99 |
| Cam City 6 pr ct | — | — |
| Pitts'd pr ct | — | 75 |
| " 6 coupon | — | — |
| All'y City 6 pr ct | — | — |
| " County " | — | — |
| " " R R 6's | 48 | — |
| Penn 4 " | — | — |
| " 5 " | 89½ | 89 |
| " 5 coupon | 89½ | 90 |
| Penn 6 pr ct | 92 | 93 |
| Kentucky 6 pr ct | 102 | 103 |
| Missouri 6's | 84½ | — |
| Penn R R 6 pr ct | 99 | 99½ |
| 20 short loan '63 | — | 97 |
| C & Am R R 6 pr ct | 78 | 80 |
| P G & N R R " | 95 | — |
| Reading R R " | 75½ | 76 |
| " mort " | 91 | 91 |
| " " '58 | 65½ | 67 |
| Lehigh Valley 6's | 100½ | 101 |
| Ches Val R R 6's | 29 | 33 |
| Tioga R R " | 90 | — |
| Phil Wil & Bal | | |
| 60 R R 6 pr ct | 97 | 99 |
| Long I R R " | — | 80 |
| Sch Nav '82 | 58½ | — |
| Lehigh Nav " | 90 | 91 |
| Minsi " | 99½ | 100 |
| C & D Cal " | 77 | 80 |
| Sus & Tid '58 " | 90 | 100 |
| Union Canal " | 33 | 37 |
| Will'sp & Elmira | | |
| 1st mort 7 pr ct | 64 | 65 |
| 2d " " | 40 | 44 |
| Catawissa " | — | 40 |
| North Pa 6 pr ct | 97½ | 98 |
| RAILROAD STOCK. | | |
| Cam & Amboy | 94 | 95 |
| Pennsylvania | 41¾ | 42 |
| Beaver Meadow | 52 | 53½ |
| North Penna | 84 | 8 |
| Phil Ger & Nor | 52 | 53½ |
| Reading | 22¾ | 23 |
| Minehill | 63½ | 67½ |
| Har & Lan | 56 | 56 |
| Chat Val | 21 | 5 |
| Tioga | — | — |
| " preferred | — | — |
| P W & Balt | 20½ | 22 |
| Long Isl'd | 11¾ | 12 |
| Wil'sport & Elm | 5 | 6½ |
| Catawissa | 3 | 3½ |
| CANAL STOCKS. | | |
| Sch Nav | 3½ | 3 |
| " preferred | 15 | 16 |
| Lehigh Nav | 47½ | 49 |
| Morris Canal'd | 40 | — |
| " preferred | 101 | — |
| C & Del | 40 | 45 |
| Union | 8 | — |
| Sus & Tidewater | — | 7 |
| BANK STOCKS. | | |
| North America | 128 | 133½ |
| Philadelphia | 107 | 109 |
| Far & Mec | 76½ | 80 |
| Commercial | 46 | 49 |
| N Liberty | 55 | — |
| Mechanics | 26 | 28½ |
| Southw'k | 70 | — |
| P Township | 34 | — |
| Kensington | — | 64 |
| Girard | 11¾ | 111 |
| Western | 20 | — |
| Man & Mech | 25 | 26½ |
| Commerce | 62 | 65 |
| Tradesman's | 60 | — |
| City | 40 | 42 |
| Consolidation | 23 | 23½ |
| Commonwealth | 20 | 25½ |
| Corn Exchange | 20 | — |
| Pittsburg | 23 | 28 |
| M & M Pitts | 53 | 57 |
| Exchange Pitts | 55 | — |
| Kentucky | 113 | — |
| Northern Liberties | — | 110 |
| Louisville, Ky | — | 108 |
| Farmers', Ky | 112 | — |
| Union, Mem'l Tenn | 92 | — |
| Planters, Tenn | 90 | — |
| Com & R Vicksburg | 7 | 7 |
| N O Gas Light | 120 | — |

## PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

| Beef. | | Mutton. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Roasting rib, ₩ lb | 12 a16 | Lgr. Loin, Chop, ₩ lb | a10 |
| Sirloin steak | 14 a16 | Breast and Neck | 6 a 8 |
| Rump " | 12 a16 | Young Lamb, whole | 25 a30 |
| Chuck pieces | 8 a11 | Who'e carcass | 5 a 9 |
| Plates and navels corned | 5 a10 | Veal. | |
| Tongues, fresh | 65 a75 | Fore quarter, ₩ lb | 6 |
| Leg, each | 37½a37½ | Hind " | 10 |
| Shin | 20 a25 | Chop " | 12½ |
| Kidney | 6 a12 | Cutlet | 12½ |
| Liver, ₩ lb | 5 a 8 | Sweetbread, each | 10 |
| Dried Beef, ₩ lb | 14 a16 | Pork. | |
| Lamb. | | Young Pigs | 1.75 |
| Fore quarter | 25 a37 | Sm't and fresh, lb | 10 a12 |
| Hind " | 1.00a1.25 | Feet, ₩ set | 12½a25 |
| Chop, ₩ lb | 10 a12 | Tripe, ₩ lb | 4 a 6 |
| Calves head, each | 25 a37 | Head " | 10 a12 |
| | | Ham, s'iced | 15 a16 |
| | | Bologna sausages | 16 a20 |

VEGETABLES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lettuce, ₩ head | 2 a 5 | New pot's (N J), ₩ lb | 2a6 |
| Rhubarb, bunch | 6 a 8 | Cabbages, ₩ head | 6 a12 |
| Union tops " | 1 | Carrots, dozen | 10 |
| Radishes, ₩ hundred | 10 | Do do, ₩ lb | 6 a 8 |
| bunches | 1.50a2.00 | Cauliflowers, ₩ head | 1.00a1.50 |
| Asparagus, bunch | 10 a12 | Onions, bus | 62½ |
| Jerusalem potatoes, ₩ basket | 50 | Peas, ₩ basket | 75 a87½ |

FRUIT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apples, ₩ bbl | 1.00a1.50 | Huckleberries ₩ qt | 10 |
| Do ₩ ½ bbl | 25 a37 | Blackberries | 12 |
| Currants ₩ quart | 12 | Raspberries, ₩ qt | 00 |

POULTRY AND GAME.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Spring Chickens, ₩ pair | 50 a87 | Chickens, ₩ lb | 10 a12½ |
| Chickens, ₩ pair | 75 a1.25 | Ruffed Grouse, pair | 25 a37 |

SHELLFISH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Oysters (Absecom) ₩ 100 | 50 a75 | N Y do, ₩ bbl, 10,00 | 12,00 |
| Do, ₩ M | 16,00a20,00 | Terrapins (Chesa & Del) | 6,00 a8,00 |
| Morris River Cove, ₩ M | 10,00 a12,00 | Lobsters, lb | 6 a10 |
| | | Clams, M | 2,00a2,50 |

MISCELLANEOUS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Butter, lb | 18 a20 | Salt, do, lb | 1½ |
| Eggs " | 14 a16 | Mackerel " | 10 |
| Flour, do | 10 a12 | Smoked Herring, bunch | 6 |
| Codfish " | 5 a 8 | Honey, lb | 20 a25 |
| Dry Cod " | 4 a 6 | Sm. sausage, cake | 2 |
| Haddock, lb | 12½ | Salmon | 31 a37 |
| Fresh Shad " | 18 a31 | Sheep cad ₩ lb | 2 |

## NEW YORK MARKETS.

July 17—BREADSTUFFS—Flour firm; 12,000 bbls sold: State $3 80@5,87 Wheat firm; 20,000 bushels sold; new Southern white $1,40; Western red $1,09; Milwaukie Club $1@1le Corn dull; 14,000 bushels sold; unsound mixed, 60@72c Pork dull Lard dull, at 11½@11¾

THE LIQUOR DRINKING IN OHIO.—*The Cleveland Leader* states that five young women, of a company of fourteen who sacked a groggery in Bristol, Ohio, last June, were tried by three justices for riot, and acquitted, the court deciding that the groggery was a nuisance, and the girls had a right to abate it. This trial was made the occasion of a temperance pic-nic and celebration, got up by the ladies of Bristol, and a great time they had of it. A large concourse of people assembled, many of them coming from the adjoining townships, and a great deal of interest was felt in the issue of the examination, and the excitement continued unabated to the end. The fourteen girls engaged in the transaction, all attended the court in a body, dressing alike, marching and sitting together, with a flag at their head.


### A STAPLE ARTICLE

We would call the attention of our friends to the following:

HAVERHILL, Mass., Feb 7, 1857.

*Dear Sir:*—Permit me the pleasure of stating to you the gratification I have in vending, and the universal favor *Hoofland's German Bitters* meet with by nearly every person who has had occasion to test their virtues in this vicinity. This establishment has had the Agency of your medicine since 1853, and I can safely say, there has been no remedy placed before the public within the scope of my knowledge that has met so much general favor and so worthily as the German Bitters. I have no hesitation in recommending them to our customers suffering with diseases for which they are appropriate, feeling confident from past experience that they will do all, and *even more* than is promised of them. In Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint I *defy an equal*. To Druggists I can recommend them as a safe investment, and to the public as a truly worthy remedy.

Very truly yours,
CHAS. B. EMERSON.

To Dr. C. M. Jackson.

These Bitters can be had of any druggists or dealer in medicines in the United States, Canadas, West Indies or South America, at 75 cents per bottle. They are prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and every bottle has his signature on the wrapper.

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER is deservedly the most popular family medicine known; no other remedy has been so successful in relieving all kinds of pain. Where other medicines have failed, it has often effected a speedy and complete cure. Sold by druggists generally

SAVE YOUR DOCTOR'S BILLS.—When Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will *cure* coughs, colds, bleeding at the lungs, and arrest the fell destroyer Consumption, it does more than most physicians can do. A single trial will satisfy the incredulous.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.


## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—In the Flour Market there is little or no activity, and there are but very remote prospects that a revival will soon take place. There is very little demand for either shipment or home consumption. The sales only comprise 1000 bbls Superfine at $4,25; 150 bbls Extra at $4,50@4,62½, the latter for good Western, and 250 bbls Extra Family at $5,50; 300 bbls W B Thomas' Superfine sold at $4,62½, and 400 half bbls Broad St. Mills at $5 ₩ pair. At these rates most holders are free sellers. The home trade are buying in a small way at $4,25 up to $6, according to brand and quality. Rye Flour—The receipts have been small, and prices are steady with a limited inquiry at $3,81½ ₩ bbl. Corn Meal—There is a reduced stock of Pennsylvania here, and of Brandywine there is very little offering. The demand has been rather better. Sales of 1300 bbls Pennsylvania at $3,37½, and 150 bbls Brandywine at $3,87½ ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Supplies continue very light, but the demand is limited, and the accounts from abroad being of a character which prohibits shippers from operating at present quotations. Sales of 10,000 bush Southern and Penna ranging from 85c to $1,05 ₩ bush for inferior and good red, and 95c to $1,20 for white. The receipts of new Wheat have been trifling, but the samples displayed have been of a very good quality, and sell in a small way at $1,03@1,08 for good to choice red, and $1,15@1,20 for white, mostly at $1,15 for the latter. Rye—There has been a steady demand for distilling, with further sales of 1800 bush at 76c Corn—There has been a steady demand, both for shipment and home consumption, and prices have further advanced. Sales of 12,000 bush Penna and Southern yellow at 81@85c, afloat, and 75@85c, in store, including some white at 77@80c, and inferior lots at 78@82c Oats—The receipts have been small, and prices are looking up Sales of 10,000 bush Penna at 41@42c, and southern at 40@42c

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks of Pork are small and the week's quality better Sales of 100 bbls Mess at $16,75@17 on time, and small lots of Prime at $14. City packed Mess Beef is held firmly, but there is no demand, excepting for Ship Stores at $16@17. Dried Beef continues scarce We quote at 10@11c ₩ lb. Bacon meets with more inquiry, and prices are steady Sales of 180 casks Hams at 11@11½c, and 200 casks in lots at 10@12c for Plain and Fancy Canvassed. Sides sell slowly at 8@8½c, and Shoulders at 6@6½c, 60 days. Green Salted Meats—The transaction have been fair, and prices rather better. A lot of Shoulders brought 6@6½c on time, and Hams at 7@8c Lard is held with more firmness, as the receipts and stocks, both here and at Cincinnati, are quite small There has been rather more inquiry. Sales of bbls and tes at 11½@11¾c, and kegs at 12@12½c, cash. Butter is dull and sells slowly at 10@12c for Solid Packed In Cheese no change Eggs command 13@14c ₩ dozen.

COTTON meets a limited inquiry, but the receipts and stocks are light, and holders are firm in their demands; sales of 750 bales, chiefly Uplands at 11¾c for interior up to 13¾c ₩ lb, cash for middling fair quality—prices at the close are fully 1c better.

BARK—Is in moderate request, but the absence of receipts restricts operations The market is firm, with small sales at $36 ₩ ton for No 1 Quercitron. Tanners' Bark is dull and only a small business doing at last week's quotations

BEESWAX is not inquired after Good Yellow commands 31c ₩ lb. cash.

COAL—The Coal trade continues as last quoted. The receipts are small, but fully adequate to the demand. The shipping demand is limited, but prices have not materially changed. Bituminous Coal is not wanted.

FEATHERS are scarce; good Western are worth 44@47c ₩ lb. cash

FRUIT—There has been rather more doing in Domestic Fruit. Dried Apples range from 3½@3¾c ₩ lb. Green Fruit comes forward more freely.

HEMP—The stock is very much reduced, and there have been no sales worthy of notice.

HIDES remain without change in price or demand As import of Porto Cabello Hides just in have been sold on terms kept private, and a cargo of Pernambuco remains unsold.

HOPS—Are unchanged. Small sales of first sort Eastern and Western at 7@9c. The brewers purchase on a small scale.

IRON—The demand for Pig Metal continues limited. Sales of 350 tons at $21, 30 and $19 cash, for the three Nos of Anthracite No sales of Scotch Pig, and it is entirely nominal in value, no transactions having been reported for a month past. Blooms are very quiet. Charcoal ranges from $42 to 45. 6 mos For Bar and Boiler Iron there is a steady demand at previous rates

LEAD is very dull, and no sales have been reported.

LEATHER—Common grades of Leather are dull, but the better kinds meet a good inquiry.

LUMBER continues dull. The receipts, although moderate, are far in advance of the demand, and prices of some descriptions are ruinously low. Yellow Pine Sap Boards range from $11 to 13 ₩ M feet, and are almost unsalable. Hemlock Haft Lumber is worth 20 ₩ M. Laths sell slowly at $1 25@1,30 ₩ M Of Southern Lumber the receipts have been small, but there is very little demand for it

PLASTER—There has been but little offering, but two cargo sales are reported, at $2 62½ ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is scarce, and if here would command $4,50@4,62½ ₩ 64 lbs Flaxseed is wanted at $1,60 ₩ bus, but it is scarce Timothy is nominally unchanged

TALLOW continues in limited request. Small sales of City Rendered at 9½ ₩ lb.

TOBACCO—Prices are well maintained, but the demand is limited for both Leaf and Manufactured.

WOOL—Supplies have been coming forward more freely from the West, and the stocks are most rapidly accumulating. The manufacturing interests continue in a very depressed condition, and the sales light, including about 120,000 lbs Pulled at from 40 to 45c, on the usual terms


### FITS, FITS, FITS.

JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE A CERTAIN REMEDY.

This disease. Epilepsy, soon becomes firmly fixed by habit, and the more numerous the attacks have been, the greater is the liability of their return and the greater will be the difficulty in arresting them. There is not only a greater liability to their return in proportion to the number of attacks, but the convulsions become more severe, and are repeated at shorter intervals So that what at first was perhaps a mere faintness, with or without slight muscular twitchings, and occurring at long intervals, in time become violent convulsions of a most daily occurrence. The person thus afflicted gradually sinks into a state of imbecility, a burden to himself and to his friends, until at length his sufferings are ended by the hand of Death

It is evident that if relief is obtained at all after the disease becomes habitual, it must be by some treatment which is permanent in its effects, and not only to suppress the attacks, but also, if possible, to remove the morbid tendency to relapse

Jayne's Alterative has been found to answer this purpose admirably, gradually removing the morbid tendency, and the causes which produce the disease, and, when its use is continued for a sufficient length of time, producing permanent cures

### THE PROOF.

WEST SALEM, Edwards Co., Ill., Sept. '56.

Dr D Jayne: Sir I gives me pleasure to inform you that your ALTERATIVE has effected a cure of FITS. My son, when he was about three years of age, was troubled with FITS, but supposing they proceeded from worms I gave him Worm Medicine, but to no purpose I then concluded there was no remedy unless he would outgrow them but still had more frequent and severe attacks until he was four and a half years old. Then I gave him your ALTERATIVE according to directions He had no more Fits after taking it for some time, and I believe it has perfectly cured him. ALFRED McKINNEY

### ANOTHER CURE.

BURLINGTON, Bradford Co., Pa., Nov '56

Dr D Jayne: Dear Sir About five years since, my child was taken with EPILEPTIC FITS, which continued for two years and was finally cured by the use of twenty-six bottles of your ALTERATIVE and a few SANATIVE PILLS She has not had a fit for three years Yours, truly,
CEPHAS CLARKE

We are well acquainted with Mr. Clarke, and have full confidence in the above statement.
MERRY, WILHELM & CO.

### ANOTHER AND MORE REMARKABLE CASE.

DANVILLE, PA., July 5, 1856.

Dr. D Jayne & Son, Philadelphia: Gentlemen—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your ALTERATIVE. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from RHEUMATISM during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with EPILEPTIC FITS, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. After the fits commenced, my right side became gradually paralyzed I lost the use of my arm, and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood. In this condition at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your ALTERATIVE last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a single fit, the use of my limbs has returned, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the ALTERATIVE, and a couple of boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your ALTERATIVE the best medicine in the world for EPILEPTIC FITS, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it Yours, truly,
JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth

THOS. WOODS, WM. KITCHEN,
G. B. BROWN, G. W. FORREST,
GEO. S. SANDERS, JAS. M. JONES,
J. R. MOORE

### AGAIN SUCCESSFUL.

BURRITT'S RAPIDS, C. W., Aug. 3, '57.

I hereby certify that I have used Dr D Jayne's ALTERATIVE and SANATIVE PILLS in my family in case of EPILEPTIC FITS with marked success. R. BRECKENRIDGE

### ANOTHER CURE.

LANESVILLE, Harrison Co., Ind., Feb. '58.

Dr. D. Jayne: Sir Your ALTERATIVE has cured me of EPILEPTIC FITS. I had five very severe attacks within two years, and when every remedy and every kind of treatment had completely failed to cure me. I then decided to use your medicine I have taken eighteen bottles of the ALTERATIVE, and one dozen of the SANATIVE PILLS, and for one year I have been entirely free from any attacks, and I am now able to attend to my business Yours, truly,
SAMUEL WOLF.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the United States. je12-7t


## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

July 13th, 1858, in St. John's Evangelical Lutheran church, Philadelphia, by the Rev. C. W. Schaeffer, Mr. SALLIE A. LEHMAN, of Germantown, to Rev. S. SENEMAN, late pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran church in Tarrytown, Md., but now of St. Peter's Evangelical Lutheran church, at Barren Hill, Montgomery county, Pa

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. John B. Dales, D. D., Mr. JAMES WIDDER, to Miss MARY BROWN, of Hawick, Scotland.

On the 25th March, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN A. HAAS, to Mrs. MARY H. HUTTON, all of that city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. John Coleman, WILLIAM P. BENDER, to Miss ARABELLA LIPPINCOTT, both of Red Bank, N. J.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. R. Anderson, Mr. A. J. HARBACK, to Miss ROSINA THOMPSON, both of this city.

At Mount Airy, on the 11th instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. JOHN BOWER, to Miss CAROLINE RINEHAMMER, both of Mount Airy.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, WILLIAM A. HUNTS, to M. LIBBIE NEAL, daughter of John W. Neal, Esq. both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, JANE L. wife of the Rev. John W. Grier, Chaplain in the U. S. Navy, in the 57th year of her age.

On the 13th instant, ALEXANDER DAVIS, aged 63 years.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. MARGARET THOMAS, aged 80 years.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM HENRY, son of C. and Elizabeth Alexander, aged 21 years.

On the 13th instant, MICHAEL EGNEY, Sr. aged 81 years.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. MARY KELLEY, aged 42 years.

On the 13th instant, Mr. JOHN H. SUMNERS, aged 63 years.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. MARGARET G. relict of the late Thos. I. Barton.

On the 10th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Anthony Beehler, aged 36 years.

On the 11th instant, JOHN CHAPMAN, aged 32.

On the 16th instant, Mr. HENRY BARCLAY, aged 45 years.

On the 9th instant, SIMEON T. ZANE, aged 52.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE FISHER, aged 52 years.

On the 11th instant, STEPHEN D. MOORE, aged 38 years.

On the 10th instant, HENRY BECK, aged 60.


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### BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.
*Philadelphia, July 17, 1858.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| PENNSYLVANIA. | | GEORGIA. | |
| Solvent banks | ¼ dis | Solvent banks | 1 dis |
| New banks | 1½ to 5 dis | SOUTH CAROLINA. | |
| Relief notes | ¼ dis | Solv bks | 1 dis |
| Tioga & Shamo'kin | no sale | ALABAMA. | |
| NEW JERSEY. | | Solv bks | 1 to ½ dis |
| Solv bks | par to ¼ dis | MISSISSIPPI. | |
| DELAWARE. | | All bks | uncertain |
| Solv bks | par to ¼ dis | LOUISIANA. | |
| MARYLAND. | | Solv bks | 1 dis |
| Baltimore | ¼ dis | OHIO. | |
| Solv bks | ¼ to ½ dis | Solv bks | 1 dis |
| NEW YORK. | | KENTUCKY. | |
| Solv bks | par to ¼ dis | Solv bks | 1 dis |
| MAINE | | INDIANA. | |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | State bank | 1 dis |
| NEW HAMPSHIRE. | | ILLINOIS. | |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Solv bks | 2½ dis |
| VERMONT. | | MISSOURI. | |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Solv bks | 1 dis |
| CONNECTICUT. | | TENNESSEE. | |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Old banks | 2½ dis |
| MASSACHUSETTS. | | MICHIGAN. | |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Solv bks | 1½ dis |
| RHODE ISLAND | | WISCONSIN. | |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Solv bks | 1½ dis |
| VIRGINIA. | | TEXAS. | |
| Solv bks | 1 dis | Commercial and Agricultural bank, | |
| DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. | | Galveston | 5 dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | CANADA. | |
| NORTH CAROLINA. | | Solv bks | 1½ dis |
| Solv bks | 1½@2 dis | | |

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS Our Publications are considered among the most salable. Address, post-paid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, jly24-3m 181 William St., N. Y.

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# Wit and Humor.

## COURTING IN IOWA.

Here is an account of a mournful adventure by a young man in Iowa, who "straight went a-courting since he'd nothing else to do." It is from the Cedar Valley Times:

A certain young man was in the habit of being out late Sunday nights, and, in order to keep his secret from his young associates, was always at home bright and early on Monday morning. Mounted on his horse in his best fine white summer pants, and other fixins in proportion, he arrived at the residence of his inamorata, where he was kindly received and his horse properly taken care of, being turned into the pasture for the night. The night passed away, and three o'clock was the time for him to depart, so that he might arrive at home before his comrades were stirring. He sallied forth to the pasture to catch his horse, but here was a difficulty—the grass high and loaded with dew. To venture in with white pantaloons on would rather take the starch out of them and lead to his detection. It would not do to go in with his white unmentionables, so he quickly made his resolve. He carefully disrobed himself of his valuable "whites," and placed them in safety on the fence, while he gave chase with unscreened pedals through the wet grass after the horse. Returning to the fence where he had disposed his lily unmentionables—*Oh! horrible dictu!* what a sight met his eyes! The field into which his horse had been turned, was not only a "horse pasture," but a "calf pasture," too, and the naughty calves, attracted by the white flag on the fence, had betaken themselves to it, and calf-like, had torn it up. What a pickle this was for a nice young man to be in! It was now near daylight and the farmers were up and about, our hero far from home, with no covering for his "travelling apparatus." It would not do to go to the house of his ladylove, neither could he go back to town in that plight. There was only one resource left him, and that was to secrete himself in the bushes until the next night, and then get home under the cover of darkness.

Safely hid, he remained under the protection of the bushes for some time, and it may be imagined that his feelings toward the calf kind were not of the most friendly character, but ere long, his seclusion was destined to be intruded upon. By and by, the boys, who had been out to feed the calves, returned with the remains of the identical white garment which adorned the lower limbs of their late visitor. They were mangled and torn to shreds! An inquest was immediately held over them. Some awful fate had befallen the young man. The neighbors were summoned to search for the mangled corpse, and the posse with all speed set out with dogs and arms. The pasture was thoroughly scoured, and then the adjacent thickets, when lo! and behold! our hero was driven out from his lair by the keen scent of the dogs, all safe, alive and well, minus the linen. An explanation then ensued at the expense of our hero, but he was successful in the end, and married the lady, and is now living comfortably in one of the flourishing little towns of Iowa.

A PRECOCIOUS CHILD—THE OLD STORY OF THE FOX AND GRAPES, WITH A DIFFERENCE.—A friend related to us this morning a scene in a school-room, which we think will do well to publish, and is too good to keep. It is the custom in the schools to read a moral lesson each morning, when the teacher questions the scholars on what has been read. The day our friend visited the school, the lesson was in regard to the taking of fruit, and was a sort of a narrative, in which it was stated that a teacher had told his class not to touch the fruit which grew in a neighboring orchard, but to wait until it was perfectly ripe, and they should all have a share of it. They all disobeyed the command with the exception of one little girl—she alone refrained from touching the fruit.

The first question asked by the teacher was:—

"Which did right, the little girl or the others of the class?"

The unanimous answer was—

"The little girl."

The next question asked was—

"Why did not the little girl also take the fruit?"

This appeared to puzzle the class, and for a long time there was no one ready to answer. At length a little fellow at the bottom of the class held up his hand, which was equivalent to saying that he thought he could give the answer. He was told to proceed, when he astonished the teacher and convulsed our friend by exclaiming—

"*Pleath, sir, I geth she wath too little to reath the fruit!*"

BRING OUT YOUR POUND CAKE.—Among the company of a a great five-dollar ball given at New Orleans, last spring, in honor of some public event, was a green 'un from the country, who had never before seen anything of the kind upon so grand a scale, and was totally at a loss to understand the ridiculous, new-fangled dances which prevailed. Paying an enormous price for a ticket, and having been fasting some time in anticipation of the supper, his whole thoughts were directed to the enjoyment in that line in store for him. He strode up and down the saloon with his hands thrust into his pantaloons pockets, accosting every waiter he encountered, with—

"Boy, look here! is supper most ready?"

At last supper was announced, and in rushed our hero, in advance of everybody, and seating himself about the centre of the table, began to beckon every waiter whose eye he could catch, but no one, much to his indignation, approached him until after the ladies had been seated and served, when he was asked whether he would take some ham.

"*Ham!*" exclaimed he, with most profound astonishment, "do you 'spose, sirrah, I can eat five dollars' worth of *ham? Bring us some of your pound cake and such like.*"

☞ A lady having written a letter, concluded it as follows: "Give everybody's love to everybody, so that nobody may be aggrieved by anybody being forgotten by somebody."

COMMODORE PORTER AND GENERAL MORTON.—When Commodore Porter last visited this city (New York), he spent much of his time at the residence of the late General Morton, who, as all who remember him know, was a gentleman of the old school, and a man of very agreeable wit and compliment. The walls of the General's library were adorned with various productions of the pencil and the graver, and among them full-length portraits of several naval officers—Decatur, Bainbridge, Hull, Perry, Morris, Lawrence, and others. The Commodore expressed his admiration of the fidelity and effect of these, but said they were too large.

"I intend to add my portrait to your collection shortly, but it shall be done in quite a different style."

"Then you do not like these?" remarked the General.

"Not exactly," replied the Commodore; "there's entirely too much canvas."

"That is a very singular objection for you to make," remarked the facetious General, directing the attention of his guest to a small picture representing the engagement of the Essex with a frigate and a sloop-of-war, off Valparaiso, which hung in one corner of the room, "a very singular objection, indeed, when we have the evidence before us that *it requires double the usual quantity of canvas to* TAKE YOU!"

POWER OF STEAM.—"Is it stame?" said an Irishman. "By the saintly St. Pathrick, but it's a mighty great thing, intirely, for drivin' things! It put me through nine States in a day!—divil a word o' lie in it!" "Nine States!" exclaimed a dozen, in astonishment. "Yes, nine of them, be jabers! as aisy as a cat 'ud lick her ear. D'ye see, now—I got married in New York in the mornin', and wint wid my wife Biddy to Baltimore the same day—hould yer whist, now, and count the States. There was the state of matrimony, which I entered from a single state, in a sober state, in the State of New York; and I wint through New Jarsey, Pinsylvany and Dilawur, into Maryland, where I arrived in a most beautiful state of *jollification!* There is nine, by the holy pokers!—count 'em if yez like! Och, but stame's a scrouger!"

NOT BAD.—Not long ago, writes a correspondent of the Knickerbocker, an attorney with considerable swell, but not much brains, came to C———, in Ohio, to locate. One day, when the Post Office was full, waiting the distribution of the mails, a half-witted fellow stepped up to him in the crowd, and said: "Mr. S———, I'm told you have come here to practice law." "Yes, I have." "Well, you will find it a first rate location. Hadn't lived here four months before I was sued ten times."—"Well, it seems to me I could live here for years without being sued at all." "I presume you could," said our half-witted friend; "people here are pretty darned smart. They don't sue a fellow without he's good for the costs!"

## A CASE FOR LINDLEY MURRAY.

COOK (*who is not in the best of humors*).—"Don't bother! No, I don't want none!"

BOY.—Well, leastways, you might ha' spoke grammer!"

# Agricultural.

## IN-AND-IN BREEDING.

George Culley, in his "Observations on Live Stock," says that

"The great obstacle to the *improvement* of domestic animals seems to have arisen from a common and prevailing idea among breeders, that no bull should be used in the same stock more than three years, and no tup more than two; because, (say they,) if used longer, the breed will be *too near akin*, and the produce will be *tender, diminutive*, and liable to *disorders*; some have imbibed the prejudice so far as to think it *irreligious*; and if by chance they were in possession of the best breed in the island, would by no means put a male and female together that had had the same sire, or were out of the same dam.

"But fortunately for the public, there have been men in different lines of breeding, whose enlarged minds were not to be bound by vulgar prejudice or long established modes, and who have proved by many years experience, that such notions are without any foundation.

"Mr. Bakwell has not had a cross for upwards of twenty years. His best stock has been bred by the nearest affinities; yet they have not decreased in size, neither are they less hardy, nor more liable to disorders; but, on the contrary, have kept in a progressive state of improvement.

"This mode has also been frequently practiced in breeding the best dogs and game cocks. A certain gentleman who produced the best pointers in the north of England for many years, never bred from any other than his own; because, said he, I can find no better to cross them with. And I am informed from good authority, that a breeder of game cocks, who was very successful, would never allow his breed to be contaminated by crossing with others; and to this precaution he attributed all his superiority."

This confirms the experience of Col. Jaques, given in a former article on this subject. Culley goes on to say:

"But one of the most conclusive arguments that crossing with different stock is not necessary to secure size, hardiness, &c., is the breed of wild cattle in Chillingham Park, in the county of Northumberland. It is well known these cattle have been confined in this park for several hundred years, without any intermixture; and are perhaps the *purest breed* of cattle in the kingdom. From their situation and uncontrolled state, they must indispntably have bred from the nearest affinities in every possible degree: yet we find those cattle exceedingly hardy, healthy, and well formed, and their size as well as their color, and many other particulars and peculiarities, the same as they were 500 years ago.

"From these instances, it appears there can be *no danger* in breeding by the nearest affinities, provided they are possessed in a *superior degree* of the qualities we wish to acquire; but if not possessed of these, then we ought to procure such of the same kind as have, in the most eminent degree, the valuable properties we think our own deficient in. It is certainly from the *best males and females*, that *best breeds* can be obtained or preserved; to breed in this manner is undoubtedly right, so long as *better males* can be met with, not only among our neighbors, but also among the most *improved breeds* in any part of the island, or from any part of the world, provided the expense does not exceed the proposed advantage. And when you can no longer, at home or abroad, find *better males* than your own, then by all means breed from them; whether horses, cattle, sheep, or other animals, for the same rule holds good through every species of domestic animals. But upon no account, attempt to breed or cross from worse than your own, for that would be acting in contradiction to common sense, experience, and that well established rule, 'That best can get best,' or, which is a particular case of a more general rule, viz.: that 'Like begets like.'

"On this simple axiom the whole mystery of improving stock depends, and, like many other valuable truths, it has been neglected, most probably for its simplicity, and other modes pursued as whim or fancy directed, without either reason or experiment to support or give the least color of plausibility to the practice."

We may add that Geo. Culley is an English author of celebrity, both as a writer and stock breeder. Arthur Young describes him as "a man of the most extensive practice, and the deepest knowledge of his art."—*Country Gentleman.*

THE CURCULIO AGAIN!—One of your correspondents, after speaking of his success with *plums*, says his *nectarines* have all been bored and lost, and that he intends cutting them down! I beg him not to do so; if he does, he will raise no more *plums*. Some years ago in Lexington I had plums in the *pavement*—Green Gages and Yellow Eggs—and nectarines in the *sod*. I raised a fine crop of plums; but after trying lime, tobacco, ashes, sulphur, and gauze, did not succeed in saving a single nectarine. I cut down the nectarines, and raised no more plums!

I have now fifteen plum trees all growing in the gravel walks. I have used all the known remedies—shaking and killing, washing, &c., and picking up and burning the wounded fruit. I cut down all the wild plums *growing in the grass*, damsons, blue, &c., and left only those in the walks, where the fruit can be seen and picked up. Last year, for the first time, about a half dozen ripened. This year the trees are loaded with fruit, and have to be *propped up!* The beetle attacked the more delicate varieties, the eggs, &c., and left the gages *untouched*. They have now ceased almost their operations. I expect to raise several bushels to the tree.

*Conclusion.*—1. Destroy all trees which cast their fruit where it cannot be picked up. 2. Plant in walks where many curculios are killed in walking, and always disturbed. 3. Plant nectarines and the more *delicate varieties*, and they will save your gages and other harder-rind sorts. Shall I have the medal?—*Correspondent of Country Gentleman.*

SUMMER PRUNING APPLE TREES.—It is a pretty well established fact that apple trees—and we would add pear trees—pruned from the middle of July to the middle of August, sustain the operation with much more advantage than if pruned at any other period of the year. If pruned at this time, the wound will heal over, and make, what surgeons would say of a properly amputated arm or leg, a handsome stump. If the branches be lopped in winter or spring, the stump generally leaves a perpetual scar: and if after the sap has commenced flowing, a bare bone, as it were, projecting from the living parts of the tree, and remaining there until it rots away, when frequently the decay continues on, as a sort of gangrene, into the very heart of the tree, much to its injury. Who has not observed this in his experience?

We have more than once witnessed the benefits of pruning in midsummer, and have always been impressed with the advantages over the system generally pursued. On one or two occasions, some years ago, we adverted to the fact, and now again call attention to it, especially as the season for trying it is at hand. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

CURIOUS EFFECTS OF LIME WATER.—The *Journal de Roues* says:—"A landed proprietor in the neighborhood of Yvetot had in his garden some old apple trees which produced no fruit. Two winters ago he took some lime, which he steeped in water, and with a brush washed the old trees all over. The result was the destruction of all the insects; the old bark fell off, and was replaced by new, and the trees bore an excellent crop. Most of them have now acquired such renewed vigor that all appearance of age has disappeared."

## STRAWBERRIES, PLUMS AND GRAPES

At the recent session of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, considerable diversity of opinion prevailed as to whether a rich or poor soil was best for Strawberries, and whether they should be planted in rows or in a mass. The discussion having closed, it was proposed that each person present should hand in a list of what he considered the five best varieties for market, and the five best for amateur culture. The following is the result of the vote:—

| FOR AMATEURS. | | FOR MARKET. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hooker, | 13 | Early Scarlet, | 8 |
| Burr's New Pine, | 7 | Crimson Cone, | 7 |
| Early Scarlet, | 7 | Wilson's Albany. | 7 |
| Hovey's Seedling, | 4 | Genesee, | 5 |
| Wilson's Albany. | 4 | Hooker, | 4 |
| Genesee, | 5 | Hovey, | 4 |
| Jenny Lind, | 2 | Cushing. | 3 |
| McAvoy's Superior, | 2 | Scott's Seedling, | 2 |
| Triumphe de Gand, | 2 | Iowa, | 2 |
| Peabody's Seedling, | 2 | Longworth' Prolific, | 2 |
| Prolipe's Victoria, | 2 | Burr's New Pine, | 2 |
| Walker, | 1 | Walker, | 1 |
| Crimson Cone, | 1 | Cremont, | 1 |
| Cushing, | 1 | Peabody, | 1 |
| Chilian, | 1 | Triumphe de Gand, | 1 |
| Richardson's Cambridge, | 1 | Chilian, | 1 |
| Longworth's Prolific, | 1 | | |

In regard to Plums, Mr. Ellwanger knew no better way to destroy the curculio and save the plums than shaking the trees. Invariably had a good crop on their grounds, as many present knew. Early in spring spade the ground deeply, soon after the blossoms fall commence jarring the trees every day, catching the insects in a sheet. When they begin to get scarce, after a week or so, every other day will answer. Still later only jar the trees once a week, or so, to shake down the damaged fruit, and they are all swept up and carried away. Two boys who might be hired for three or four shillings a day, if engaged for a couple of weeks could take care of an orchard of four hundred trees and ensure a crop of fruit. After this an hour or two every week would answer. The large varieties of Plums sell well, at a high price, and would pay for this labor. Knew of no better method to destroy them or keep them in check.

C. S. Cole knew a person in the West who had a small apricot orchard of 150 trees, and by shaking the trees, as before described, he had received good crops, and they yielded him a large revenue.

In regard to Grapes, Mr. Johnson, of Naples, considered summer pruning important. Most of the grape-growers cut back the fruit branches to within two or three leaves of the fruit. It is right to cut off the laterals, leaving only one leaf. After some experience in this way, allowed the fruit-bearing branches of a few vines to take their course without cutting back, and then the fruit was best—much better than where they were cut back to two or three buds beyond the fruit. However, he believed in severe and systematic pruning.

Mr. Peck, of Naples, pruned in winter to within two buds of the old wood. In summer when in blossom, clipped off the ends of the bearing shoots. Did not cut within three or four leaves of the last bunch, and sometimes left four or five. Let the lateral take their course. Pound the fruit ripen best when the laterals are permitted to grow. The natural inclination of the vine is to bear heaviest at the top. Found no benefit from burying the vines in winter.

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—Having noticed an inquiry as to the cause and cure of the gapes in chickens, accompanied by the remarks of the editor, in a late number of the Rural, I take the liberty to present a theory as to the cause: and also a sure remedy. As far as my observation has extended, the disease is caused by a white "hair worm" (found in chip-yards) getting into the throat of the chick, thereby choking it. The remedy is this, viz.:—Fill a pipe with tobacco, as for smoking, and after lighting, instead of inserting the stem into your own mouth and whiffing the smoke into the atmosphere, thereby poisoning the air you breathe, insert the stem into the bill of the chick, and by placing your thumb and forefinger each side of the bill, so as to force as much of the smoke down the throat and windpipe as possible, then blow into the bowl of the pipe, and continue to do so until it begins to "wilt" and lop its head, then lay it down, and it will, after a time, begin to recover from the effects of the smoke, and being once up again, it will indignantly throw the worms out of its breathing and gastronomic apparatus, and be perfectly recovered from the disease.—*Cores. Rural New Yorker.*

TO KEEP TIRES TIGHT ON WHEELS.—I desire to ask room for the following, which I believe to be an excellent suggestion, and that the mechanic who shall take the initiative in the matter, will be sure to find his reward in the greater call for his work:

I wish to communicate to the public a method by which tires on wheel carriages may be kept tight. I ironed a wagon some years ago, for my own use, and before putting on the tires, I filled the felloes with linseed oil; and the tires have worn out and were never loose. I ironed a buggy for my own use, seven years ago, and the tires are now as tight as when put on. My method of filling the felloes with oil is as follows:—I use a long cast-iron oil heater, made for the purpose, the oil is brought to a boiling heat, the wheel is placed on a stick, so as to hang in the oil, each felloe one hour, for a common sized felloe.

The timber should be dry, as green timber will not take oil. Care should be taken that the oil be made no hotter than a boiling heat, in order that the timber be not burnt. Timber filled with oil is not susceptible of water, and the timber is much more durable. I was amused, some time ago, when I told a blacksmith how to keep tires tight on wheels, by his telling me, it was a profitable business to tighten tires, and the wagon-maker will say, it is profitable to him to make and repair wheels—but, what will the farmer, who supports the wheelright and smith, say? *Cor. Southern Planter.*

DRUGGED ANIMALS.—Continual dosing animals is just as useless and injurious to them, as is constant swallowing drugs and poisonous compounds to the human system. It is all folly to allow your stables to become hospitals, and to smell and appear like an apothecary's shop. It is much more humane to shoot a horse, or knock an animal in the head, than to force down its throat doses of drugs whose quality or action you know little about, having the effect to create disease when it did not exist, and prolong suffering much beyond the time in which nature would herself effect a cure. —*American Agriculturist.*

# Useful Receipts.

SIMPLE CURE FOR DYSENTERY.—An old friend handed us the following simple receipt for publication. It has been practiced in his family for many years, with uniform success, even in the most alarming stages of the complaint:—Take Indian corn, roasted and ground in the manner of coffee, or coarse meal browned, and boil in a sufficient quantity of water to produce a strong liquid like coffee, and drink a teacupful, warm, two or three times a day. One day's practice, it is said, will ordinarily effect a cure.—*Middletown Republican.*

ONE OF THE BEST RECIPES FOR ROUP IN POULTRY.—Take of coarse and fine sharps half and half, or equal parts, and mix one teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper to a basinful of the above, when all the fowls can get it together without being at the trouble of feeding them by hand at night one by one. It is the best remedy ever found out. I have never known it to fail, and in cold weather it will always keep them warm and healthy, and will never do them harm.—RED CAP, *in the London Field.*

HORSES RUBBING THEIR MANES AND TAILS.—In your last impression one of your correspondents wants a recipe for the prevention of the above. If he will procure a small box of the strongest preparation made of mercurial ointment from any druggist, and rub a little well in the roots of the hair of the mane and tail, he will find it a perfect cure for the evil complained of. Several of my horses are similarly affected at this season, and I have only to apply the ointment and its effects are immediate. It may be that another dressing be required—say in a month—but, if well rubbed in at first, I have found one sufficient. I have found nothing so efficacious as the foregoing; indeed, it is a certain cure.—VERAX.—[We have tried this formerly, but have not found it more efficacious than turpentine, while it is objectionable from its color and greasiness.]—*Ed. London Field.*

TO REMOVE MILDEW, AND ALSO ANY UNPLEASANTNESS FROM LINEN.—The following recipe will no doubt be acceptable to many, especially at this season of the year:—To every four ounces of chloride of lime add two quarts of boiling water, and shortly afterwards six quarts of cold water. Steep the linen in this water for twelve hours, and every spot of mildew will be removed, and also all unpleasantness.

TO MAKE CURRANT WINE.—We believe that we have as good currant wine as is made by the generality of people—some think it is unexcelled. We confess we never drank better. The process of making is simple, but none of its requirements should be departed from. It is as follows:—

First, crush the currants effectually, then place them in a strong bag, and press the juice out, by whatever means will effect it best; then, to each quart of juice add three pounds of pure, sifted, double-refined sugar, and then add as much water as will make one gallon. (Good brown sugar will answer, but not so well in retaining the fine flavor of the wine.)

To make a ten gallon keg of wine, it will require ten quarts of currant juice, and thirty pounds of sugar, filled up with water. Be sure that the sugar is well dissolved, by rolling over or shaking the cask; but we prefer mixing all together before putting into the cask, in an open vessel, in which it should remain twenty-four hours, and frequently skimmed. Fermentation will begin in one or two days, the bung being set upon the hole, and will continue some two or three weeks. After it has *entirely* ceased fermenting, rack off carefully, then thoroughly scald out the barrel, return the wine to the cask, tightly bung up, and leave undisturbed for six months before using, when, if preferred, it can be bottled. It requires no clearing substance or spirituous liquor of any kind; as it is much better without either.

The keg, cask, or whatever vessel it may be made in, *should be full*, and as fermentation is going on, and the extraneous substances thrown out of the bung, the vessel should be kept full by adding sufficient water every couple of days. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

# The Riddler.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 1, 24, 12, 8, 18, is one of the highest peaks of the Alps

My 2, 10, 4, is a sea in Asia.

My 3, 22, 7, 16, is a city in Pennsylvania.

My 4, 11, 28, 23, 7, is a province of Hindostan with a population of 5,000,000.

My 5, 26, 12, 27, is a river in Spain.

My 6, 23, 7, 19, 5, is one of the noblest rivers of the world

My 7, 19, 9, 2, 16, is a river in France.

My 8, 18, 7, 6, 27 is the largest city in Africa.

My 9, 3, 12, 30, 1, 27, 6, 20, is a town in North Carolina.

My 10, 15, 26, 18, is an island in the Mediterranean.

My 11, 7, 6, 21, is a town on the Mediterranean Sea.

My 12, 7, 26, 15, 14, 23, is a city in Syria in the land of Hamath.

My 13, 21, 25, 3, 11, is a county in Arabia containing 3,000,000 inhabitants.

My 14, 28, 30, 18, 7, is a range of mountains in Asia.

My 15, 7, 25, 18, is a city in Peru.

My 16, 30, 11, 18, is a famous volcanic mountain in Europe.

My 17, 18, 11, 30, 5, 19, is a town in the Prussian province of Cleves-Berg

My 18, 25, 26, 27, 13, 11, 14, is one of the largest and most valuable of the Monaco Islands.

My 19, 7, 15, 5, is a large river in Africa.

My 20, 27, 2, 30, is a pleasant commercial town in South Holland.

My 21, 25, 4, 15, 19, is the first commercial city of Hanover.

My 22, 27, 24, 16, 3, is one of the richest commercial cities of France.

My 23, 3, 8, 23, 18, is a volcanic mountain on an island in the Atlantic Ocean.

My 24, 2, 19, 15, is a river in Europe.

My 25, 18, 8, 27, 19, is a city in Georgia.

My 26, 18, 30, 23, is a town in Virginia

My 27, 4, 10, 22, is a river in Germany.

My 28, 7, 19, 8, 27, 15, 11, is a county in Tennessee

My 29, 21, 10, is a river in Scotland.

My 30, 22, 27, 13, is a city in New York.

My whole was one of the greatest travellers, zoologists, anatomists, astronomists and botanists of the 19th century. JOHN KENNARD, JR.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first* among the brave you'll find,
When fore'gn foes appear;
As dead'ly shot fly thick and fast
His voice you'll often hear.

My *second* is a given name,
Which frequently we hear;
And when united with my *whole*,
Is one we prize most dear.

To make us look both neat and clean,
My *third* is often done;
And were it not, all men of rank
Our company would shun.

My *fourth* you freely will confess,
Is quite a heavy weight;
Yet every school-boy in the land
Has had it on his slate.

St. Paris, Ohio. COND GRAPTON.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the city or country,
In cottage or hall,
My *second* is heartily
Welcomed by all

The face of my *second*
Increases your thirst,
In the evening you seize it,
And call for my *first*.

My *whole* is an article,
Useless, 'tis true,
Unless on my head
My *first* is in view.

Quincy, O. A. W. LIVINGSTON.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Plunder or pillage my *first* is reckoned,
A useful article is my *second*;
My *third* is an adverb noting excess,
My whole is a town—in Africa—guess!

Franklin. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

## PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain farmer had a meadow in the shape of a para ellogram, whose length was 10 perches longer than broad. He then mowed off 10 perches from each of the 4 sides, (clean around;) when it was found that then only three-tenths of the meadow was standing. I wish from this to find the whole area of the meadow.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotsersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

## CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why is a watch-maker like one of the night police. Ans.—Because both keep watches.

☞ Why is Maine a bad place for the spiritualists. Ans.—Because since the passage of a prohibitory law, it is forbidden to rap on the table for a supply of spirits.

## CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

A vial of tears shed by a weeping willow.
The key which belongs to an elephant's trunk.
The buttons of a coat of paint.
The pupil of the eye of a needle
Some of the fragments of a broken constitution.
Jewels of the crown of the head.
The fringe of Cape May.
A fire-shovel made from an iron constitution.

## ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Pomponius Mela. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—General Francis Marion. CHARADE—Martingale (Mart-in-gale). RIDDLE—Crinoline (Rollin-Crane-O!) RIDDLE—Railroad. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—I find the said church to be in length 77 feet and 8 inches, breadth 50 feet and 11½ inches, and height 29 feet and 7½ inches nearly—D. Diefenbach.

☞ Affectation is certain deformity. By forming themselves on fantastic models, the young begin with being ridiculous, and often end in being vicious.—*Blair.*

KEEPING PEAS.—Green peas can be preserved in cans or jars in the same manner as gooseberries and currants.